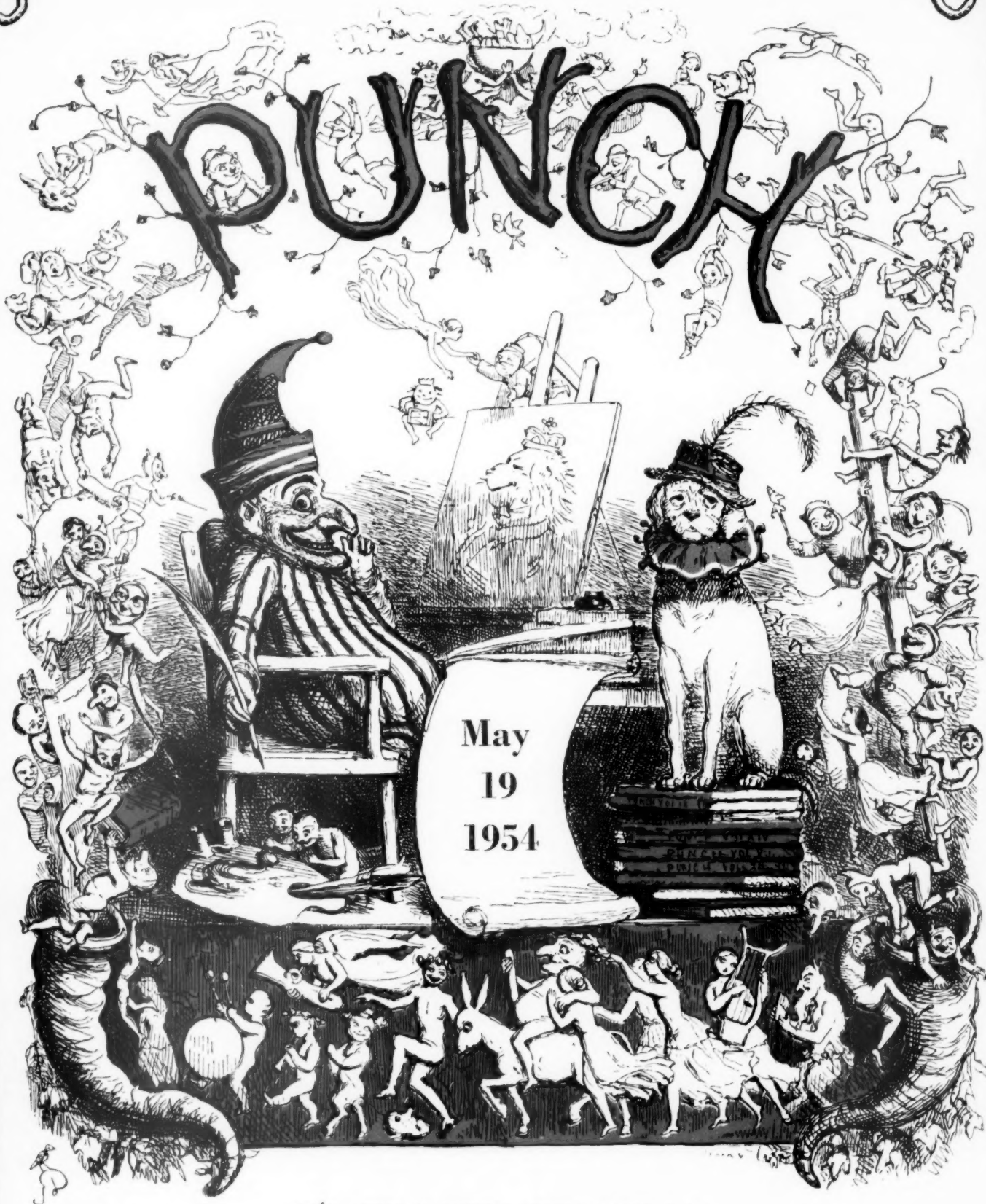


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PUNCH or The London Charivari—May 19 1954

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WITH THE
**EXCLUSIVE
FOLDAWAY
EYE LEVEL GRILL**

Eye level grilling is less tiring. It reduces stooping to the minimum and enables the oven to be raised to a better working height which has made room underneath for a full-sized Warming Drawer.

★ **SO SIMPLE TO OWN**

In White, Cream, or Cream and Green Porcelain Enamel, the Cannon A125 can be yours on extended terms with an extremely low deposit.

Easier

Grilling with the Eye Level Grill, which folds away when not in use.



Easier

Roasting and Baking with the raised oven.



Easier

Warming of plates and dishes.



Cannon (G.A.) Ltd., Deepfields, Bilston, Staffs. London Office: 4 Park Lane, W.1.

★ **SEE IT AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS**

Whatever the pleasure
Player's complete it



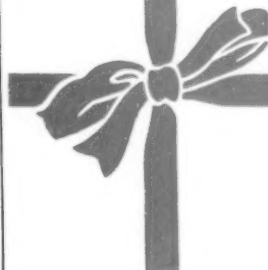
It's the tobacco
that counts

(NCC 8551)



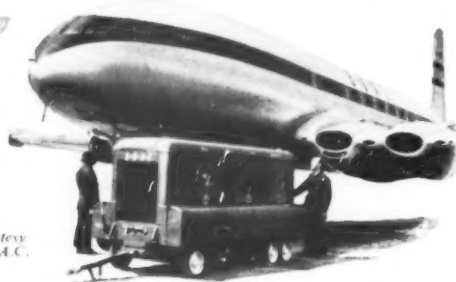
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As the jet age develops so problems are encountered for starting these powerful engines, such as the 9,000 lb. static thrust of the Comet II. To meet this need special mobile Dual Voltage Starting & Servicing Units have been built by Auto Diesels Ltd., in conjunction with Crompton Parkinson Ltd., which are powered by Leyland 680 type industrial engines. Sufficient power is provided to withstand shock loads of 500% over full load current, in any climate or at any altitude. Spares and servicing are available from Leyland agents in every country.



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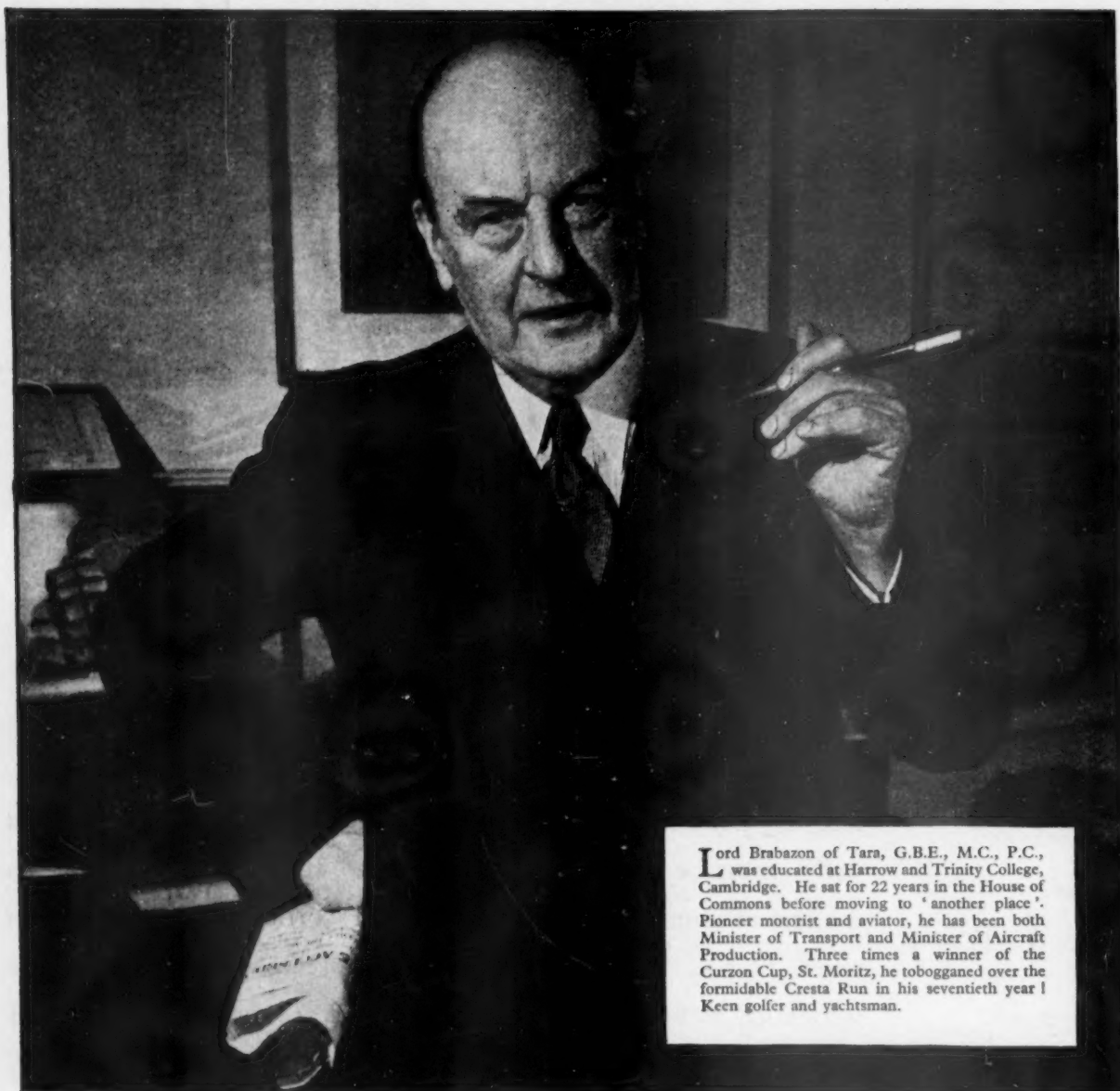
'Behind the ears'...

Keeping things clean — not just superficially but 'behind the ears' as well — must be someone's responsibility. If cleaning arrangements are one of your business or professional worries, you should get to know Teepol. This master detergent developed by Shell is now recognised as being the most effective and economical cleaning aid for use in commercial and industrial premises, and in municipal, institutional and public buildings of all kinds.



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Lord Brabazon of Tara, G.B.E., M.C., P.C., was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. He sat for 22 years in the House of Commons before moving to 'another place'. Pioneer motorist and aviator, he has been both Minister of Transport and Minister of Aircraft Production. Three times a winner of the Curzon Cup, St. Moritz, he tobogganed over the formidable Cresta Run in his seventieth year! Keen golfer and yachtsman.

"My Daily Mail" by LORD BRABAZON

I WELL REMEMBER the first issue of the Daily Mail. My Father showed it to us with all the pride of someone entirely responsible for its production. It cost a halfpenny. The opinion of the family was that it would go far. We were right.

My views are a little prejudiced by virtue of the fact that in 1909 I won £1,000 from the Daily Mail for flying a circular mile on an all-English aeroplane.

However, what do I think of it today? Very highly. It has lost none of its pristine vigour. It still pioneers. Notice the leading article on the left column of the front page. How many other papers would like to copy that? And what leading articles! Either you want to burn the paper, so that

no one else should read it, or you are inclined to shout with joy; all depending on your political feelings. Good stuff.

Of special features, I look forward to Don Iddon. He is the only man in the world of whom the Columnists of America are afraid. He loves America, but won't have us bullied. Parliament should vote him a million pounds as a gesture for what he has done towards Anglo-American relations.

There is not too much telegraphese: the headlines, unlike some papers', are understandable. Two adventure strips are enough, as they are both good.

If I have any criticism of my favourite paper, it is that it is about time Kirby married Honey. Poor girl."



By Appointment to the late King George VI
Charles H. Pugh Ltd.,
Motor Mower Manufacturers

ATCO MOTOR MOWERS

*It's time you owned an **ATCO** and had more leisure to enjoy your garden.*

Think how lovely your lawn could look if it were mown more often, as it will be—and without effort—when you have an Atco. Why not enjoy—this year, *now*—the convenience and enjoyment of an Atco? The new machines are in the shops—go and have a look at them... Remember, by the way, that for an average size lawn, it is false economy to use anything smaller than a 17 inch wide mower. Generally speaking, the wider the cut, the fewer the "turns," the fewer grassbox emptyings and also of course the less fuel consumed. If yours is a good size lawn, you'll probably be better with a 20 inch. There is not a great difference in price between models in the Atco "lawn" range and all are equally manoeuvrable and light to handle.



This means:—A wider than ever range of mowing equipment—hand, motor and gang—and sold through the Atco Sales Organisation. Atco Service is now available to owners of Shanks mowers from Atco Service Branches throughout the country.



There's no service like ATCO SERVICE

Remember, you don't buy a machine but a complete mowing service made available through the manufacturer's own Service Branches throughout the British Isles and operated expressly to maintain the value of your purchase.

Where you buy your Atco you may learn details of a simple and straightforward method of purchase by extended payments.

CHARLES H. PUGH LTD., ATCO WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, 9

The Sherry that's now so popular



WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S
CARLITO

*Amontillado
Sherry*

SPAIN'S BEST

—produced by the famous DRY SACK people

H.P.?—hardly the thing, old boy!

"Hardly the thing for what?" said the quiet man in the corner, "you see, I found it precisely the thing I required when I realised that if my business was to prosper in this progressive age, I must have the most up-to-date plant and keep abreast of every mechanical development. I planned my programme and found that hire purchase facilities exactly matched my needs and they continue to do so. Perhaps, one day, you too will benefit from a realistic appreciation of where and when hire purchase is just the thing!"



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Milk has everything — it's the most nearly perfect food there is. **FOOD**, notice; food that contains some of every single element you need for health — protein, carbohydrates, sugar, minerals, fat and all the important vitamins.

It doesn't matter how you take milk — hot, cold, in custards, puddings, cereals or soups — every drop of it does

you good. Does your body tissue good, your skin, your hair, your teeth, your nails. Gives energy. Helps growth. And it's the ideal food around which to build a weight reduction diet. No other soft drink in the world does so much for you at such tiny cost. Take advantage of it. Drink a glass of milk today, and every day.



Take that extra pint today — and see!

Conditionally released
this 10th day of May, 1954...



Stork's free at last—but not from stigma! The Law insists that it be called Stork Margarine. That's libel . . . slander . . . contempt of Stork! For millions will now try Stork Margarine and find it not guilty of tasting anything like margarine as they know it.

Obviously the Law has never tasted Stork. Reliable judges who *have* would as soon call foxhounds dogs as call Stork Margarine.

Seriously though, we'd be the last to thumb noses at The Law.

For it was Stork Margarine that helped set the standards which the food laws are framed to safeguard. Stork first contained Vitamins A and D in 1934—but it wasn't until 1940 that Authority became Stork-abiding and required all margarines to do the same.

Now, through scrupulous selection and skilful blending of the cream of natural fats, we've given Stork a real creamy taste.

But, for your protection and ours,
we still have to call it Stork Margarine.

The Law and The Palate beg to differ—

THE LAW CALLS STORK MARGARINE

VAN DEN BERGH & JURGENS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4

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with an
ESSE

... now in
COLOUR
to match your
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ESSE Heat Storage Cookers, outstanding for almost unbelievable economy with coke, anthracite or Phurnacite, are now available in beautifully finished shades of powder blue, apple green, cream or white. They are world-famed for their superb and ever-ready facilities incorporating every modern cooking and labour-saving device any housewife could desire. In addition, there's constant hot water day and night throughout your home without extra fires or trouble. Your ESSE is a joy to behold . . . in looks and life-long performance!

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a century of
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Prices from £91 4s. 9d. with boiler;
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Water Heater serves economically,
the mansion, small hotel, board
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hot water is constantly on call.
Thermostat saves fuel and labour.
Streamlined porcelain enamel fin-
ish also in colours. £80 or on terms.

Woman of the very near future — in 'Terylene'

'Terylene', the first British synthetic fibre to combine the sympathetic qualities of a natural fibre — warmth of feel, softness, graceful drape — with the astonishing strength of a modern synthetic.

'Terylene', in two distinct forms, 'silky' and 'woolly'. Fashion sees ahead, 'Terylene' undies and 'Terylene' overcoats, 'Terylene' dresses and 'Terylene' skirts. (Some of these are to be found already.)

'Terylene' for the easier life! Mending? Almost none. Drying? Rapid. Ironing? About once in ten washings. Packing? Child's play: for 'Terylene' resists crushing.

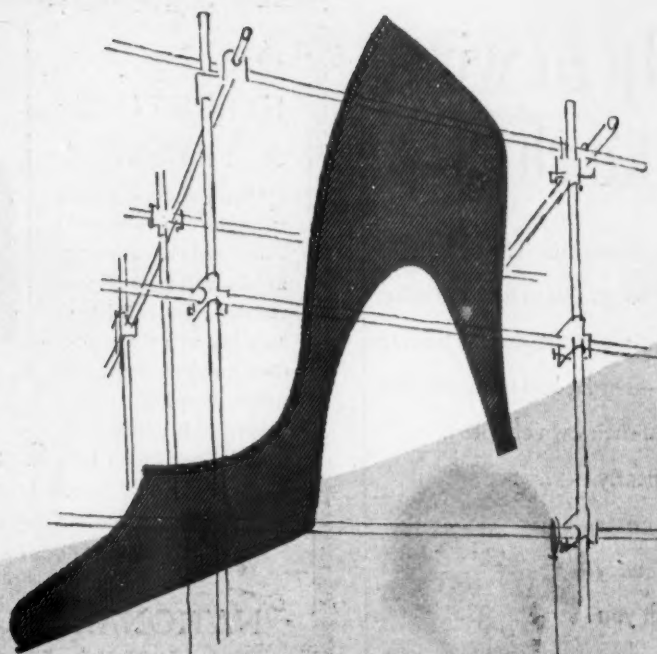


'Terylene' is a British invention now being developed by ICI. Its 'silky' form is filament yarn; its 'woolly' form is staple fibre. But only next year, after the completion of a great new 'Terylene' plant, will 'Terylene' begin to be plentiful . . . in all its glorious variety.



And she
of course
will be
wearing





Building up to shoes

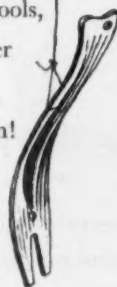


Before Clarks make shoes, they make the makings of shoes—lasts to (always original and often far-sighted), rubber and rubber composition for soles, wood heels, machine tools, shanks and clicking knives, small nail heads, rubber moulds, embossing dies . . . Clarks both invent and make new machinery and (when required) build new factories to put it in!

We're told there are only three shoemakers in the world who can rival this many-sidedness of Clarks. It has the advantage, not of self-sufficiency, but of freeing the way to technical experiment, of greater flexibility in the choice of

materials, of give-and-take relationships with other suppliers which benefit not only Clarks but whole sections of the British shoemaking industry.

Clarks make the makings of a good pair of shoes before they even handle the leather.



Clarks
OF STREET

YOU can help to work a miracle like this—

These two photographs are of the same child. The one on the right shows Catherine as the N.S.P.C.C. found her; the other was taken after only two months in good care. It is hard to believe this is the same little girl—harder still to realise that parents can so neglect and ill-treat their own children.

Every year the N.S.P.C.C. helps nearly 100,000 unhappy children. It costs £3.10 to help each child, and the Society needs money urgently. Please will you send a donation?



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National Provincial Bank is well fitted to act for you. However complex your affairs may be, they will be handled with skill, courtesy and sympathetic understanding.

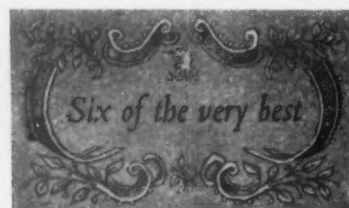
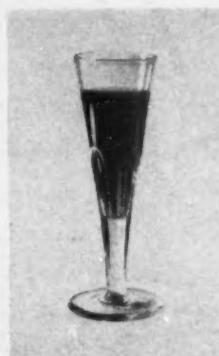
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Chaplins is a name to conjure with in the wine trade—and has been for nigh on ninety years. Connoisseurs of sherry, whether their taste be for light or dark, say Chaplins and there's an end to it. Chaplins it has to be. Here are six of the very best to suit all good tastes.

CHAPLINS *fine sherries*

- CELESTA a delicate pale dry Fino
- MARINA a rare Manzanilla
- St TERESA distinctive Amontillado
- PLAZA an old golden Oloroso
- TOM BOWLING rich brown Oloroso
- TARANTELA traditional dark sherry

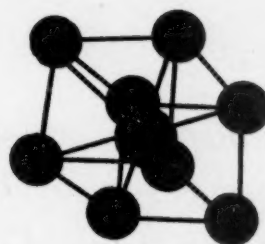
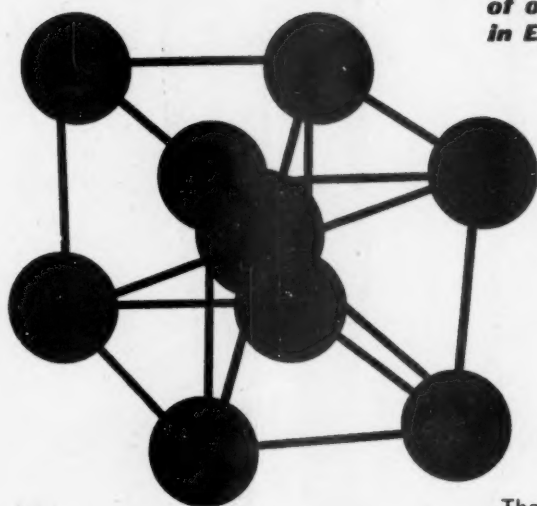
and Concord ports

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Sparkling plugs on the horns of a dilemma

The Dilemma that faces you when you choose a new set of sparking plugs is to choose plugs that will be safe from overheating on the one hand and from fouling on the other. K.L.G. will answer your problem with a plug to suit your engine



exactly. Of all the sparking plugs commonly stocked by British garages, K.L.G. offer you the most complete range of heat values, with the smallest steps in heat value between one plug and the next.

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If you write to Department K/F17, Smiths Motor Accessories Limited, Cricklewood Works, London, N.W.2, we shall be glad to send you a booklet for your guidance, with tables comparing the heat values of K.L.G. plugs and plugs of



other makes. But why not have a talk with your garageman about all this? He can advise you on your choice of plugs, and whatever your particular plug needs may be he can provide you with a K.L.G. type that will suit your engine exactly.

Sparkling plugs on the horns of a dilemma



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Buy today...the car of tomorrow!

Sleek, swift and elegant, the Renault Frégate is a forerunner of the future. Mailed-fist power and velvet-glove performance make up its character. Economical too, the Frégate, thanks to its overdrive, showed a fuel consumption of as little as 31.5 m.p.g. at 50 m.p.h. in a recent 'Motor' Test.

This spirited and beautiful car carries six passengers and their luggage in cushioned comfort. Standard fittings include heater and air-conditioner, dual fog-lamps, wind-

screen washer, thief-proof steering lock, etc.

Ask your Renault dealer to show you the Renault Frégate—the car of tomorrow!

POINTS TO NOTE

- 4-cylinder O.H.V. engine • Removable liners • Aluminium cylinder head • Independent 4-wheel suspension • Turning circle only 32 feet • All accessories standard—no extra charges • Full range of spares always available.

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So diverse are the interests of Plessey in the Aircraft, Radio, Television, Electrical and Mechanical Engineering industries, that it is difficult to instance any large project in these fields which does not at some vital stage depend upon the Company. The service offered to top managements in industry or Government service is unique. Expressed briefly, it is the development of an idea through to prototype stage and on to production—cheaply, efficiently and in time to meet a market.

If you have a new product in rough outline that is ripe for specialist development you cannot do better than talk it over with Plessey.



Puffed up with pride

For all those who wish to get close to nature (but not too close) we proudly present the 'Igloo': pole-less, self-supporting, rigid—and erected (with the car's pump) in about three minutes; dismantled as fast as you can let the air out. The 'Igloo' discourages draughts and insects (high circular doorway); has no objection to gales; packs to any shape; weighs 20 lbs. And this is a bigger 'Igloo'—now 7 ft. square at base, 6 ft. high; plenty of room for two camp beds. **£20. 9. 6** Plastic groundsheet (optional) 48/6

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From the same justly famous department—water carrier with milk container and butter dish, all aluminium, capacity $1\frac{1}{2}$ gallons, **39/9** post 2/6. A particularly neat tubular steel framed chair, adjustable 2-position back, striped canvas ($6\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., $20" \times 16"$) **27/11** post 2/6. And everything else you'll be needing

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What should you look for in an investment?

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And at BIRMINGHAM, BRADFORD, BRIGHTON, LEEDS, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER

"...and one for
the **HOME!**"

there is only
ONE BEST

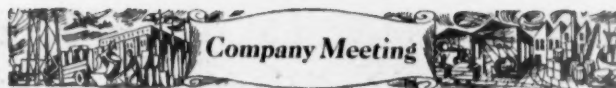


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NEWTON, CHAMBERS & CO., LIMITED

Sir Samuel Roberts on the year's achievements

The 72nd annual general meeting of Newton, Chambers and Co. Ltd., was held on May 13 at Thorncliffe, Nr. Sheffield, Sir Harold West, C.I.Mech.E., F.I.I.A. (Managing Director), presiding in the absence of the Chairman, Sir Samuel Roberts, Bt.:

The following is an extract from the Chairman's circulated statement:—
The gross profit for the year was £726,057 compared with £671,973 for the previous year. The net profit amounts to £145,175 against £152,696 in 1952 and after including profits of earlier years (£18,115) the profit available for distribution is £163,290 compared with £179,331 in the previous year. This slight reduction is accounted for by an increased charge for taxation of £61,605 making it necessary to provide £580,882 against £519,277 previously.

The substantial increase in the gross trading profit for the year is the result of successful management and excellent works co-operation. Therefore £30,235 has been provided in the accounts as a profit share bonus for all employees. Your directors recommend a final dividend of 20 per cent. making 30 per cent. for the year. This represents only 6.4 per cent. on the capital actually employed in the company. In these times when the company's production facilities are fully and profitably employed it is no more than bare justice that the shareholders should benefit by this modest increase.

In June last year the claim of Thorncliffe Coal Distillation Ltd. for compensation in respect of the assets vested in the National Coal Board was at last settled on terms which can be regarded as satisfactory.

The negotiations with the District Valuation Board appointed under the Coal Industry Nationalisation Act 1946 in connection with the Colliery Company's claim for compensation have been completed, but the amount this subsidiary company will eventually receive cannot be known until all other claims on the global sum allocated to the Yorkshire District have been settled. Final settlement of all claims will be delayed for many months. I am of the opinion that the assets of this Company when realised will not differ very much from the amount of £650,000 standing in the balance sheet.

SHARE CAPITAL

In view of the great expansion of the company's trading in recent years your directors have felt it desirable to bring the share capital more into line with the capital employed in the undertaking. It is proposed to convert the Preference shares into Ordinary shares and to increase the issued share capital of the company to £2,000,000 by the creation of an additional 1,200,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each. These shares will be issued as fully paid up by capitalising certain reserves: £1,141,860 will be transferred from the investment reserve and £58,140 from the amount standing to the credit of the profit and loss account. The issue will be made without encroaching on the company's general reserve, which will stand at £800,000 in addition to an investment reserve of £113,865 and a reserve for replacement of fixed assets of £667,895.

The Board have decided to concentrate the trading operations of the company into three production divisions under three assistant managing directors: Mr. P. J. C. Bovill (chemicals division), Mr. S. C. Tyrrell (excavator division), and Mr. K. E. Walker (engineering division, comprising the heavy construction and light castings departments).

The Board have approved a "good service" gratuities scheme whereby workpeople with more than 10 years' service will, on retirement, receive a gratuity to be determined by length of service.

MANAGING DIRECTOR'S REMARKS.

Proposing the adoption of the Directors' Report and Accounts, the Managing Director, Sir Harold West, in the course of his speech, said: "I have to tell you with great regret that Sir Samuel Roberts, our Chairman, is suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis and that his Doctor will not allow him to travel to Thorncliffe to-day."

I know what a great disappointment this is to Sir Samuel, as he has been intimately interested in the scheme of financial reconstruction which we are putting before the shareholders this afternoon. I am sure the shareholders will wish me to send Sir Samuel our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Sir Samuel's statement speaks for itself and tells shareholders of many of the happenings and developments of the past year. He refers to the settlement of the valuation on the voluntary liquidation of Thorncliffe Coal Distillation Ltd., which was this Company's most valuable investment.

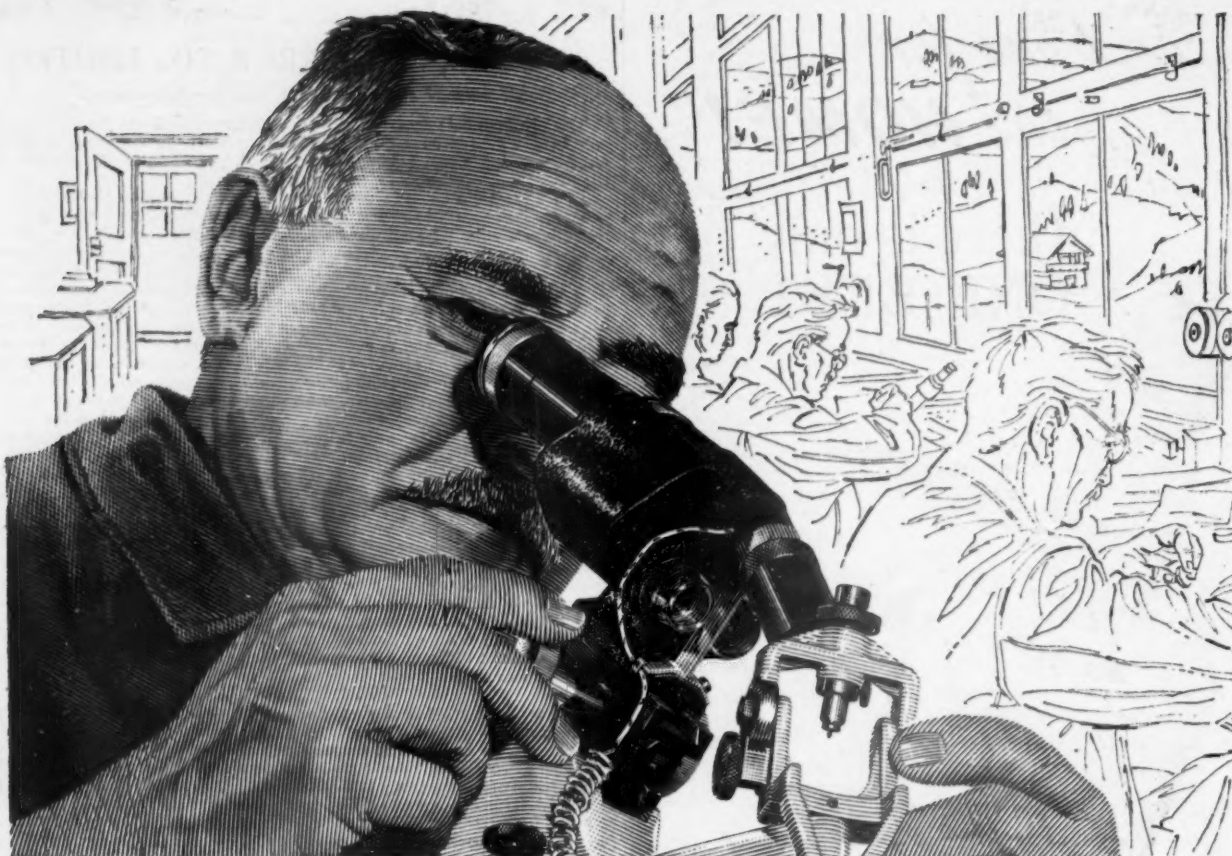
The quotation 'The difficult we can do at once, the impossible may take a little longer,' became our watchword from 1947 onwards, and within 3 years we had replaced, by the development of our other business, the very substantial sales turnover we had lost through the nationalization of our collieries. This I dare claim as a very considerable achievement.

Thorncliffe, however, must operate as a community, and in its relations with staff and work-people must continue to develop a sense of loyalty to the Company for the good of all who look to this organization for employment.

Our developments and production in the past 10 years would have been greatly restricted were it not for our Apprentice Training Schemes and our Business Training College for girls. Our bread cast upon the waters many years ago has resulted in your Company now having a higher percentage of young people under 30 years of age in its employment than any other similar organization in this part of the country."

The report was adopted and the Board's Scheme of Arrangement and capitalisation proposals were sanctioned.

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

*The secret*

Switzerland is so famous for good watches that nine out of ten Swiss watches are exported—sold all over the world.

What is the Swiss secret?

Largely—specialisation. For three centuries Switzerland has been building up a nation within a nation. She gives her nation of 50,000 watchmakers the hardest, longest training any technician ever underwent. She gives them instruments, equipment, laboratories, production-methods that are the most advanced in the world. Result: she is watchmaker to the world.

But how can you, without expert knowledge, judge watches made by experts? Luckily, you've an expert near you: your qualified jeweller. As no one else can, he can tell you which is a good watch and why; give you full choice from the latest models; guarantee that a new watch is in perfect condition; give you skilled servicing in the future.

So ask a qualified jeweller to show you some good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watches. He will help you to choose.



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND



CHARIVARIA

LARGE industrial cities such as London and Manchester, says a Stationery Office report, might in time of war be glad of the smoke pall which hangs over them: it would filter off many of the flash rays from an atomic explosion. This means that any smokeless zones planned by the health authorities of, say, Coventry can be pretty sure of full support from the Civil Defence.

Next Step

WITH the liberation of butter and cheese last week-end, and the emancipation of meat just round the corner, the fourteen years' tyranny of rationing drags to an end. Perhaps it is the gradualness of the process which has prevented housewives from dancing



in the streets and wreathing the tradesmen in garlands of flowers. But rejoicing on any large scale is more probably being delayed until husbands can be persuaded to decontrol the housekeeping money.

Back to the First Principles

CONNOISSEURS of espionage tactics were disappointed with last week's affair of Russia's spying majors. The least they expected was code messages in the agony column and tiny microfilms concealed in cigarettes, and all they got was a tin box hidden under a tree, waiting to stub any passing school-boy's toe. The explanation is, of course, that M.I.5 are so well up in all the latest refinements of passing top secret information that Communist agents are reverting to methods too primitive to attract suspicion. The next thing to watch for is a flood of ordinary

twopenny-halfpenny envelopes arriving at the Russian Embassy, clearly post-marked Harwell.

Sermon in Stone?

The T.U.C. is offering a prize for a statue "to epitomise the Trade Union Movement as a whole."

HOW symbolize "Dear Sir and Brother"—

Trade Unionists bound each to other? How show restrictive practice fairly? *Laocoön* meets all points squarely.

Eye of the Beholder

HANGING a picture upside down, said Mr. Cosmo Clark, A.R.A., when this happened last week at the Royal Academy, is "a particularly good test of its abstract qualities," and the artist himself said "My picture looks just as well on its side, and anyhow it has been sold." The price fetched was thirty pounds, and it is understood that, in spite of his apparent composure, the painter is secretly wondering whether it might have done better back to front.

Bright Side

WHEN two Sabre-jets broke through the sound barrier over the beaches of Nice considerable alarm was caused among sun-bathers. Local officials are said to have calmed them



down with the reminder that Nice is one of the few resorts this summer where visitors are acquiring a tan to pale beneath.

Approach Shot

A QUICK attendant on the cultivation of rare and curious studies is the desire, born of need, to claim

others' territory for your own." Readers of *The Times* who put down the paper at this point and tried to guess what was coming next probably had more fun than those who read straight on and discovered that Mr. Carl Dolmetsch had been playing flute music on his recorder.

First Things First

AFTER a Solemnization of Holy Matrimony in a commercial television programme the American bride



and groom were presented by the sponsors with china, cutlery, a refrigerator, a carpet, an electric toaster, a sound film of the wedding, a free honeymoon and a year's supply of toilet requisites. When the Independent Television Authority gets under way in this country happy couples similarly featured will simply have their names put on a housing list.

Psychological

CURIOSITY has been aroused in Harlesden, N.W., by a sign outside a shop which reads, "Please put your prams in front of this window." The idea is, of course, that those who used to do this when they were asked not to will now oblige by being equally unco-operative.

No Damming the Beaver

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S *Don't Trust to Luck* is said to be giving employees of the Express group an anxious time. They see in it a two-edged threat. If the fully mobilized publicity resources of the *Daily Express*, the *Sunday Express* and the *Evening Standard* fail to achieve a satisfactory

sale the future looks dark for all concerned. On the other hand, if success crowns their efforts it won't be long before his Lordship is demanding to know who fell down on the campaign to sell his helicopter.

A Sifter for Drip

NOW that branded cooking fats are emancipated we may expect a swift enrichment of our language with short new words. The soap-substitute men are well ahead in the field of commercial christening, having never known the curb of government control on the inventive faculty, and the fat-men must work fast to reduce the lead. Staff etymologists are already reported to be gathering round various vats of grease, their lips trying out the customer appeal of GRUM and SNOB, THRIP and FLIB, and it is even rumoured that corrupt soap-men are offering discarded titles, for a consideration, to unscrupulous fat-men. Employees caught at this game are likely to be thrown out NEK and KROP.

The Teddy Boys' Picnic

IF you go down to the woods to-day
You'd better go in disguise
With drain-pipe trews
And fancy shoes
And something intense in ties—
Don't bother to wash (It's sure to rain)
But take your cosh and bicycle chain—
To-day's the day the Teddy Boys have
their picnic.



Leader-Writing Without Tears

A GREAT deal of time is wasted by leader-writers in producing comment by hand which might more easily, and far more economically, be machine-made. Though the situations they are called upon to deal with constantly recur, they have no convenient standardized set of sentences available to save them the trouble, if not of thinking, then of engaging in original composition. Thus, for instance, they are called upon to produce so many hundred words on, say, the electoral triumph of a strongly anti-British political organization in a British colonial territory. With the best will in the world, it is impossible to avoid looking the place up on the map, and thumbing over a few cuttings. All this could easily be avoided by the simple provision of a reach-me-down editorial covering all such cases:

"The overwhelming triumph of the — party in — cannot but seem at first glance a rebuff to the policy of an orderly advance towards self-determination which successive Colonial Secretaries have pursued. It is to be hoped, however, that experience of the responsibilities of office will serve to mitigate, if not to render obsolete, slogans which served well enough in the heat of an electoral contest. Now, it is for the new Ministers to show that they have the true interests of their country at heart. They may rest assured that in this country their efforts will be watched with sympathy and understanding, and that whatever is practicable in the way of economic and other support will be readily forthcoming."

Take, again, the case of so recurrent a theme as the fall of Dien Bien Phu. In view of the fact that the British Government went out of its way to disavow any intention of providing help for the hard-pressed garrison, it might appear somewhat difficult to treat the matter in heroic terms. Editorialists, however, like politicians, can always be heroic. They are adept at snatching rhetoric from the jaws of defeat, and if some stomachs are turned, they are few and unimportant. Thus:

"It would be foolish to minimize the reverse which the cause of freedom has suffered at —. At the same time, the garrison's valiant and protracted resistance, in the highest tradition of — arms, has been an inspiration to the whole free world. It is for us to ensure that the sacrifices

of these brave men shall not have been in vain. Talks

have lately begun
are expected to begin shortly
will, it is to be hoped, not be
unduly delayed

at which the whole field of relations between East and West will be surveyed. Western policy must continue to be based on a readiness to negotiate, wherever negotiation is possible, combined with the maintenance of the strength requisite to make such a position practicable. That this requisite strength exists has been splendidly demonstrated by the courageous defenders of —. Their surrender may perhaps, on a narrow view, be recorded as a defeat; the long sweep of history may yet show it to have been a turning point in the affairs of their harassed nation."

Another situation which could conveniently be catered for is the winding up of a protracted and futile international conference.

"There has been a tendency in some quarters to regard the recently concluded conference at — as totally unproductive. It is true, of course, that in terms of concrete items of agreement there is little to show for all the

weeks
months
years

of discussion which have taken place. At the same time, it would be quite wrong to deduce from this that no progress has been made. As the Foreign Secretary truly remarked, the two sides have drawn closer together in mutual understanding, if not in specific agreements. Moreover, the fact that arrangements have been made to hold another conference at — in the not distant future holds out the promise of further progress along the path of conciliation. In the House of Commons the Prime Minister spoke movingly of 'hopeful signs' of a break in the stormy international weather which has lately prevailed. That so sagacious and experienced an observer of world affairs should feel able to take such a view is due, in no small degree, to the good work done at —."

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

£ £

"London firemen with rescue gear were called early to-day to Dorset Street, Marylebone, W, when a man fell into a basement yard. He was lifted to road level, injured, and taken to hospital."

Daily Mail

Had to make the call worth while.



Visitor in the Dream Factory

By KENNETH TYNAN

WEDNESDAY. Attempt analysis of Hollywood conversation based on four days so far spent here. Male side of talk much concerned with ethics of Lillian Ross's articles in *New Yorker*, amount Sam's latest grossed in Cleveland, and (desperately) ways of licking *Tea and Sympathy* for screen. *Tea and Sympathy* is Broadway hit play dealing with problem of ostracized effeminate in boys' school full of hearties; suggest, timidly, that for English consumption situation should be reversed.

Find general complaint against nebulous "associate producers," described by one malcontent as "human whips." Meet Fred Zinnemann, director of *From Here to Eternity*, mild man grown wan with wondering why screenwriters always want to become directors. Obversely, meet Nunnally Johnson, writer of film *The Grapes of Wrath*, who mistrusts way in which directors mangle his work and has accordingly become director himself. Attribute these starkly opposed attitudes to uneasily co-operative nature of industry. Recall words of

Stahr, the producer in Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon*: "I never thought that I had more brains than a writer had. But I always thought that his brains belonged to me—because I knew how to use them." Query: Is isolated art (poetry, novel, painting) necessarily superior to co-operative art (play, ballet, film)? Begin to doubt it.

Apart from internecine brawls, argument focuses on two subjects: (1) New screen-sizes: after seeing CinemaScope and Vista-Vision, put forward idea of giant concave oval screen. Or, alternatively, screen size of postage-stamp, intended to be glimpsed through field-glasses. (2) The "Communist" Black-list, which still exists in spite of official denials. Stars confess past allegiances, and become employable; supporting actors don't, and become lepers; while others, dimly pinkish, suffer from guilt disease known locally as "subperna envy."

Female gossip depends for substance largely on visiting millionaires of both sexes, all of whom are credited with heroic simultaneous addictions to drugs

and drink. Moral code of Beverly Hills inhabitants appears fairly strict. Trysts are awkward to arrange, since any two people leaving party together are instantly hailed in columns as longstanding romance. Am stunned by insatiable appetite for anecdotes about children. Producer's wife, who has two, confides to me: "At times they depart from the pattern, and this is a good thing; they diverge, which is *great*, which is *wonderful*, but it doesn't mean the pattern isn't there." Am in doubt whether to congratulate her or commiserate with her. Baffled by ability of Portland Mason, aged five, to think in paragraphs, am delighted when she announces, idiotically, that she is very catch at gooding balls.

Afternoon: pilgrimage to compact seaside villa, home of Mae Marsh, star of D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance*. Mere sight of her, sedate, middle-aged, smiling, evokes embarrassing wave of emotion. Affectionately, she talks of "Mr. Griffith," his patience, his gusto, his gift for improvisation, and speaks sadly of embitterment which marked last years of his life. He was, she says, a soloist, unable to thrive within mass-production framework. Ask her whether anyone of his stature exists in Hollywood to-day. "Did you see *Shane*?" she says. "Well, I wrote this Mr. Stevens, who directed it, what we used to call a mash-note. He reminded me of Mr. Griffith. He has that pioneer feeling." Make mental note to see Mr. Stevens as soon as possible.

Evening: dinner at Beachcomber Restaurant, Maughamish tropical paradise with artificial rain dripping from tin roof on to exotic plants outside window. Drinks come with gardenia petals floating in them. Rum-induced euphoria prevails. *Leis* are flown in twice-weekly from Honolulu. Buy one, impulsively, for total stranger, who mistakes me for well-known crooner and asks for autograph. Respond with forgery, I hope graciously.

Thursday. Appointment with Christopher Isherwood, who occupies high cabin overlooking Santa Monica Canyon. Find him gay as bee, wry, stocky, sunburnt, with eyebrows like badly thatched roof. Informs me he is working for M.G.M. on script about life





and *amours* of Catherine de Medici. Wince momentarily at his American long vowels, and permit faint smile to play about lips; then look at bald blue sky and replace faint smile with envious stare. Hear (from friend of Isherwood) story of Dean of Yale Law School who visited Major Studio and was introduced to executive producer who, feeling that anything remotely spiritual would fit conversational bill, broke ghastly silence with: "I—er—as it happens, I was talking to a priest just this afternoon . . ." Dean blinked politely. Executive continued wildly: "Funny thing, but I was reading only yesterday about the—the *fantastic* erosion in the Yangtze Basin . . ." Dean raised eyebrows, as might any man who had hoped to meet Lana Turner.

Evening: flew out to Las Vegas, from the air a fiery cross of light on desert. Anticipated (and got) heart-warming degree of cheapness. Am escorted along celebrated "Strip," which is overgrown arm of city with luxury hotels as

muscles, each bulging with roulette, poker, faro and fruit machines, clicking away even in places of quiet communion. At airport, react appropriately to bright red mechanism, equipped with nozzle, over which sign reads: "Breathe Pure Oxygen For A Quick Lift—Eases Distress Of Over-Indulgence."

Plane being delayed, see Buster Keaton at night club, where he performs four shows a night. Squat and intensely suspicious, with voice of aggrieved frog. Am besieged by memories of early Keaton films: berserk one-reeler in which he plays every member of audience, orchestra and cast of mad musical play, finally appearing as magician who submerges girl in tank of water, and, fearful lest she drowns, smashes glass with axe, whereupon tidal wave engulfs theatre. Depart slightly in awe, judging him philosophic melancholy clown with sense of construction probably stricter than Chaplin's.

Friday. Continue to be perplexed by standard of civilization found here.

Meet M.G.M. producer Arthur Freed, responsible for musicals such as *On the Town* and *American in Paris*, and am forced to conclusion that his love of Impressionist paintings and prize-winning orchids is not sheer affectation. Query: Is my resistance breaking down? Answer: After luncheon with George Stevens (director of *A Place in the Sun* as well as *Shane*), definitely yes. Stevens, shambling baby elephant of man, radiates integrity, tolerance and insight, and has surprisingly vivid vocabulary. Ask him whether he suffers from restrictions of Production Code. He replies by asking, lazily, whether I noticed abortion scene in *A Place in the Sun*. A trustworthy film-maker, of striking compassion.

Dinner with Jack Benny and George Burns. Benny, notoriously an easy audience, reduced to sobbing and table-banging by wit of Burns, who is immensely affable, with spectacles and cigar-stained voice. Burns expresses genial distrust of European manners:

says Frenchmen kiss women's hands in order to find out whether they will have to bite fingers off to get at rings.

Later, am presented to Judy Holliday and behave like idiot fan, gushing about her broad eerie smile, the suspicion flickering over the square, milky face. Am unsuitably convulsed by her discovery of her child's whooping-cough: "Well, I went into the"—pause—"the nursery I guess, and then"—vague shrug—"whoop."

We are guests of Peter Ustinov, here playing one-eyed Egyptian in epic. Host, like me, seems unwontedly subdued. Where is mammoth vulgarity of Film City, coarse opulence, degeneracy, rat-race, etc.? Bump into renowned English character-actor, in Hollywood since early 'twenties. Retail childhood experiences with Beerbohm Tree, ascribing to himself two remarks of Irving's and one of Mrs. Pat Campbell's. Thinks Senator McCarthy fine fellow, "will wake them up," "show them what's what," etc.

Saturday. At own insistence, achieve meeting with formidable Sheila Graham, sibylline columnist of enormous influence, rivalled only by Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons. Edits monthly magazine, *Hollywood Romances*, writes daily syndicated article, broadcasts four times a week, also free-lances and appears on television as friend of stars. Estimate her weekly prose output as in neighbourhood of ten thousand words. Random sample of style: "Faith Domergue has the letters NO on her lingerie—stands for home town New Orleans." Arriving at house in Beverly Hills, am ushered by healthy blonde of creamy complexion (Miss Graham) into beamed living-room adorned with Degas and Marie Laurencin. Am put at ease by soft-voiced hostess, who tells me of her past: English-born, ex-chorus-girl, thrice-married with two children. Says she

thinks mankind's universal preoccupations are Money, Fame, Health and Love. Shy man in T-shirt enters. "This is my husband," says Miss G. "We call him Bow Wow." She pays Bow Wow warm compliment by saying that with him she no longer feels emotionally insecure. Bow Wow grins. Miss G. says most people in Hollywood are emotionally insecure. She holds it matter of honour with columnists to know where to draw line.

Recall example of Miss G. drawing line: "There's been a rash of whispers about Dan Dailey. Everyone has a story: Sure hope everyone is wrong." Says she visited England during war but could not stand atmosphere of "jealousy and back-biting." Am silenced by dazed look which accompanies exposition of her philosophy. "I love beauty," she says adding that it amounts almost to religion with her. "At heart," she muses, "I am an intellectual."

Battling with picture of hostess as frustrated egghead, change subject to Scott Fitzgerald, who was intimate chum of Miss G. during three years before he died. She describes how Joan Crawford, for whom he was writing script, met him in street, gripped him by arm and said: "Write hard!" Miss G. remembers Fitzgerald as great teacher as well as notable charmer. His end, in her view, was hastened by his efforts to stay off bottle. Unquestionably, she hero-worshipped him. He died, fourteen years ago, in her apartment. "He came round," she says, "after lunch. I asked if there was anything I could do for him, and he said he had a craving for candy." She went out and bought him a box. Avidly, he took a handful and popped them into his mouth. Half-way through licking his fingers, he turned towards her with a smile; then stiffened; then, fell to carpet. "He was very considerate," she says. "He died in the afternoon."

Sunday. Complete packing. Toss neatly folded prejudices unused into ash-can. Reach hard-fought conclusion: that Hollywood is no place for solitary artist, but ideal for artist who is (a) gregarious, (b) unsuited by nature to personal responsibility, and (c) not flustered by necessity to appeal to mass audiences. Does this mean second-rate artist? Ancient aesthetic arguments on both sides: Flaubert versus Dickens, etc. Remember Swift: "Those to whom every Body allows the second Place have an undoubted Title to the First." Is Hollywood slick, technical, glossy? Remember Blake: "Mechanical excellence is the only vehicle of genius."

As plane rises, experience usual sensation of deafness and numbness. Am aware of hankering for arid, inbred European way of life. Catching sight of self in window, note with relief that faint smile has returned to lips. All, shortly, will be well. Ceiling zero, visibility nil.

What the Birds Said

"In the summer months the glory of the dawn would have appeared over St. James's Park by the time I went to bed. The birds were fresh and lively, full of song. More than once I said to myself, 'Ah, little birds, you went to bed early last evening; you have had a good night's sleep; now you have awakened fresh and full of song. I almost wish I were a little bird.'"—Mr Herbert Morrison, in "Government and Parliament."

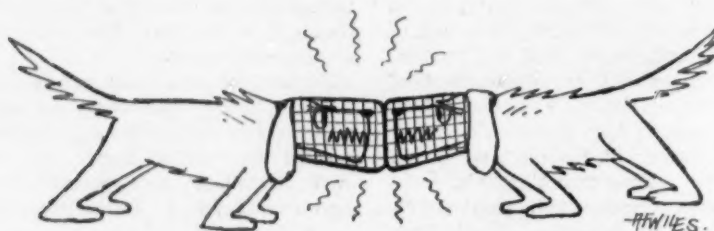
WHAT does little Herbert say
Into bed at break of day?
Where has little Herbert been,
Coming home at 4.15—
Coming home, I've noticed, when
The House adjourned at half-past ten?

"Can it really be our Herbert
Likes his dancing girls and sherbet?
Can it be of Herbert said
He sometimes paints the green one red?
Can it be that once in whiles
Herbert, too, is on the tiles?

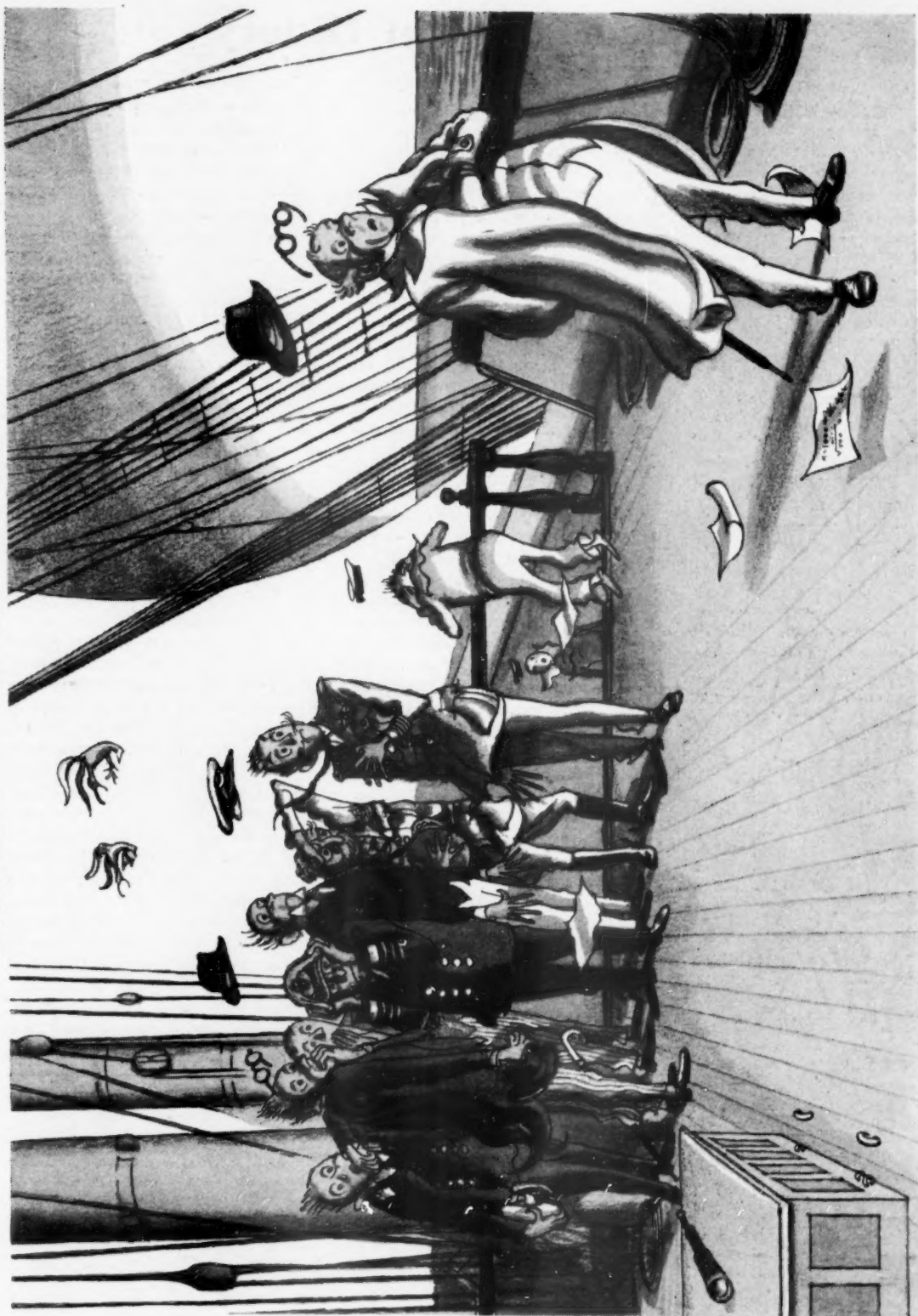
"No, of course not—no such capers.
He's been working on State Papers.
Eyes agleam with lust for knowledge,
He has been to Nuffield College.

"Well, well, well," says dicky bird,
"That is simply too absurd."

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



MASTERPIECES OF VICTORIAN ART RESTORED



After "On Board the Bellerophon," by Sir William Quiller Orchardson, R.A.

Watching the Testing of the Hydrogen Bomb

Norman Mansbridge

The Roundabout of History

DOES history repeat itself? If we may take a flying leap in Time, and apply our theory of Catch-as-Catch-Can¹ to the encounter of two contiguous would-be civilizations in our own island experience, an ecumenical answer may yet be found. With this end in view, let us examine the impact of the aboriginal whisky-culture of Aberdeen (*bibebant B.C. 2000 ff et passim*) on the Challenge and Response situation created in the early

By JOHN BOWLE
(with apologies to Professor Toynbee)

eighteenth century by the novel existence of the Road to the South. It followed the unexpected political union of an Atlantic-Oceanic outpost of our own Western society, and the sequel to which it gave rise may be compared to the impact of the pampas peoples of the Valparaíso hinterland on the later autochthonous ziggurat builders of Southern Yucatan.

This *Völkerwanderung* of the ancestors of our own northern neighbours seemed destined to extend indefinitely the periphery of the Haggis; at the same time, if we may believe the testimony of Snorri Sturlasen, it had its historical antecedents in a Scandinavian-Icelandic spiritual background. The resulting Time of Troubles, closely paralleled in the collapse of the successor-states of the proto-Tibetan universal empire, provides at first what seems a striking example of the dynamic relation of spirited barbarian war-bands to a culture in which morale has succumbed to inertia following the millennial establishment of a sedentary beer-drinking society.

Well might the leaders of the apparently doomed Southern culture, as they passed out from what seemed the theatre of history, exclaim with Goethe's Faust,

*Mein Magen ist verdorben,
Unmöglich mehr zu trinken;*

or remark with Tertullian,

Procul este, Haggis, a me.

The response they could make to this Hyperborean challenge seemed not to have a dog's chance, so that, however we may regard the ebb and flow of the fateful contest, the result seemed never in doubt. The emissaries of the Aberdonian culture swept all before them, while the triumphant Haggis-cult supplanted the Sinic-Minoan ritual (which had done such yeoman service in the South²) leaving a new imprint not only in the hearts but in the livers of its newly-won proselytes.

Yet our tale is not completely told. If, after a couple of centuries, we again contemplate the history of our own parochial corner of the Western Oceanic world, we may discern the working of

a law which seems to distinguish what Antipater of Thessalonica, in his genial way, called *ισοτήρια*, from what Mommsen, more pedantically, termed *Lumpengeschichte*, and Renan *à nous la Liberté*. For if we cast aside our insular prejudices, and view our problem through the eyes of a Wahhābi sufi from Khorosān or an Himalayan Buddhist from Madagascar, we shall discern a singularly surprising answer. These two and a half centuries after the first Response to the Challenge of the Road to the South had, in fact, seen the Aberdonian whisky-culture not only triumphant but totally absorbed. And where the Southern victims appeared, at first sight, fated to be pulverized by the advancing Haggis, as the latter-day Eskimos of Alaska were destined to succumb to the advances of the juke-box and the sewing machine, it now appears that the conquered were destined, after all, to take their masters captive. For our beer-drinking Southerners, by a process of rhythmic Withdrawal to the Cellar³, and Return to the Bar, proved able to turn the tables on their would-be oppressors by an economic counter-offensive they had not the wherewithal to meet. By a gross inflation of the cost of whisky, they soon put their conquerors in an Historic Dilemma. The wheel had now come full circle. Home Rule for Aberdeen now became the watchword of the erstwhile invaders, and the Road to the South became the Great North Road. The principle of Reciprocal Repartee had been vindicated. It may therefore be hazarded, as we contemplate this familiar North-Western insular example of Challenge and Response, resulting in the unexpected resolution of a fixed Dilemma, that we can now discern, if we "have ears to hear" (as in the extremely Rum Caliphate of Ūmar Kayyham) the quiet muttering of the Zeitgeist as it repeats itself into Eternity.

(¹) Originally evolved to confute the historico-theological hypotheses of the Arabic historian 'Azyernmysay' on the decline of the 'Osmanli lords of the Ultimate Steppe.

(²) The elaboration of these practices can, strangely enough, best be studied in Brutto's Investigations of the mores of an Antipodean people, the pre-Wesleyan Tongan islanders.

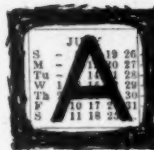
(³) see Book I, (C), IV, on Aztecs in Annexes.



A Journalist Looks Back

The Days of the Week

By CLAUD COCKBURN



A SATISFACTORY thing about Herr von Ribbentrop was that you did not have to waste time wondering whether there was some latent streak of goodness in him somewhere. He was all of a piece, and silly into the bargain. He had me followed about London by enormous blonds.

This was because he got into his head that all British propaganda and intrigue against the Third Reich was secretly directed from the office of *The Week*. From the fact that *The Week* often spoke disobligingly of the Foreign Office, too, he of course deduced that it must be secretly run by the Foreign Office. The disobliging remarks were a clever blind, and there was Ambassador Ribbentrop seeing right through it. Vansittart foiled again.

Also, to help mould his ideas, I had arranged to have conveyed to him the information that my real name—now

clumsily translated from the German—was Hahnbrandt, and that my father came from Czernowitz. Supposing that this piece of intelligence had been treacherously sold to one of his agents by a friend of mine, Ribbentrop was inclined to think it true. He never really believed any report honestly come by.

The blonds were sometimes female, sometimes male. One of the males had the job of getting a seat beside me on one of those plush-covered benches by the marble-topped tables in the old Café Royal, which at that time I used as an alternative to my office, on account of the superior amenities. Most of the full-time Nordic representatives one encountered were swarthy chaps about five and a half feet high, but this fellow was a true chip off the Herrenvolk. He would have made Lohengrin look quite a dago. Often he got so close that you could see tiny yellow hairs quivering deep inside his ear.

Not wanting anyone's time to get wasted, I arranged for use on these occasions some informative little dialogues with whichever friend happened to be sitting with me.

Me: Say what you will, you cannot deny the Gentiles started the last war. Wormed themselves into key positions everywhere. Asquith, Bethmann-Hollweg, the Hohenzollerns, Poincaré—all Gentiles, old boy.

Friend: But look at the thing broadly—think of their contribution to literature, culture in general. Look at Shakespeare.

Me: Shakespeare I grant you—if he really was a Gentile. But if you want to talk about writers, what about Wells, and Shaw? Typically disruptive, *negative* Gentile mentalities. Mind you, I've many good Gentile friends myself. But taken in the *mass*. Besides, I always think there's something queer about their eyes.



"All they think about is food."



Ten minutes of this, and the horrified Wandervogel had about all he could hold and was off to the little door on the Duke of York's steps to report on the swelling arrogance of crypto-Jewish conspirators, and add another page or so to my dossier.

For reasons I deemed sufficient I had left Germany about an hour and a half before Hitler became Chancellor, and I had rather intended to keep out of that country until that Nazi business blew over. Indeed, after I had once wondered aloud to Mr. Vernon Bartlett what would happen if I did enter Germany, he very kindly put the hypothetical question to the Foreign Office. If I went there and got caught, would the Foreign Office be able to do anything on my behalf? After a good deal of thought, the Foreign Office man—Mr. Charles Peake, I think it was—said he believed they might get the sentence reduced from Death to Life.

This was discouraging, but the next thing that happened was that a sedulous correspondent of *The Week*, who had a quite snug position as a spy in Dr. Goebbels' office, made a bad mistake and it became necessary to find someone to replace him. At the same time, an organization of literary refugees in Paris wanted someone with a British passport to go to Germany and see a man about a thing.

The trouble with refugee organizations at that period was that you never

knew whether the desperate muddle they were in was there by accident, or on purpose, due to some member of the committee being in the pay of the enemy. To this particular group I pointed out that I seemed hardly the man for their purpose, since if I used my British passport the chances were that either I should never get into Germany, or else never get out.

They said that would be all right, because they would give me a *forged* British passport.

This inopportunistly reminded me of that scene where the Marx Brothers are looking for a picture supposed to be hidden in the house next door, and one looks out and says "There isn't a house next door," and the other says "So we'll build one." I tried to tell them about this, but there was a terrible noise going on in their committee room and the secretary said quite angrily that naturally I was entitled to my opinion, but he personally was a liberal and considered Marxism noxious.

Still feeling the need of an umbrella for the trip, I suggested to an American friend that he might care to come along. This was a Captain Hylton Railey. He was doing a series of articles for *Fortune*, magazine of American Big Business, and they had commissioned me to help smooth his path, keep him out of pitfalls. He was a very nice man, and I told him immediately that in my opinion an error had been made—as an anti-pitfall device I had to admit I was faulty. In one sense he was

a kind of hazard in himself. He was a personal friend of President Roosevelt, and at one time had been quite a high-powered figure in U.S. Military Intelligence. So that when he said he was over here just to write some magazine articles, anti-espionage services everywhere thought he was scoffing at them. Refusing to believe in any needle that wasn't in a haystack, they insisted he was a Super-Agent and determined to find out his secret.

Since he had no secret, their field of endeavour was pretty well limitless. He was harried, and in some countries arrested. When he took a house in Curzon Street, beside Shepherd Market, someone put a dictaphone in the chimney. Nobody would give him any material for his articles. Looking on the bright side, he said at any rate this gave him time to prepare his filing system against the day when we should really get to work. Like many Americans, he sought to compensate an excitable temperament and awareness of imminent chaos by maintaining an impressively orderly and complex apparatus of files—a kind of bottle in which he hoped one day to re-imprison the erratic genie of reality.

He readily agreed to accompany me to Germany. My forged passport was delivered at Le Bourget only at the last instant. I used the genuine one to get on to the plane, and kept the other in my



—Brockbank

pocket, not liking to be seen peering at it *en route* as though it were a stranger. At Frankfurt, which was where we had to go first, attention concentrated on Captain Railey. They tore open his bulging brief-case, and there was his filing system. Folders and folders and folders, classified and divided and subdivided into sections and sub-sections, all with letters and numbers, and even the paper in them was of different colours for perfect clarity's sake—white, green, blue, pink, yellow. Only, on all these many quires of typing paper nothing had actually been written—for the reason I have explained.

The Germans were quite agog. The more he tried to tell them of the preparatory nature of his system, the more they talked about invisible inks. In all this hubbub they scarcely looked at my passport, and this was good because when I came to look at it myself on the way from the airport I saw that although it was a good job so far as it went, and the photograph unusually clear, it was the photograph of a middle-aged woman.

This contretemps made it undesirable to register at hotels, where passports must be shown, and we were forced to spend our nights in Germany in sleeping cars, often having to travel hundreds of miles to places we didn't want to be in, just for the sake of a good night's sleep. However, I got my business done, and meanwhile the Captain—skilled in old Southern handicrafts—got a new photograph and changed the sex of my passport convincingly enough to get it across the Czech frontier.

Exhilarated, we extended our joint tour to the Balkans and Italy, arousing suspicion everywhere. Back in Paris, I was talked to for hours by a very knowing man who took it for granted that *The Week* was the secret personal organ of President Roosevelt.

I told him "No," and he said "Please not to insult my intelligence by such gross denials."

Correction

"R.D.C.—Speaking at last week's meeting of Pershore Rural Council about the work done at Moor in connection with the water scheme. Mr. D. Guise should have been reported as saying that part of stage one of the scheme had not yet been completed there and he hoped it two."—*Berrow's Worcester Journal*



"Do try to get one that doesn't make that awful gurgling noise..."

Merry Month

TO struggle for rolling cheeses, or compete in the kicking of bottles,
Or dance with bells on one's calves and a bunch of flowers in one's hat
Is no less logical than cricket, the parties being seldom sober,
While the cricketer is stone cold sober, and in deadly earnest at that.

All are intrinsically foolish and therefore mildly endearing;
All took shape when boredom was tyrant of the village green;
But some became serious games and some stayed quaint old customs,
With things like the Eton Wall Game hanging unhappily between.

We might have had the Moscow Dynamos coming to roll our cheeses
In a fiery, un-English style giving promise of enormous gates.
The Foreign Office might have sent the kicker of the Four-Minute Bottle
To bolster British prestige by a lecture tour in the States.

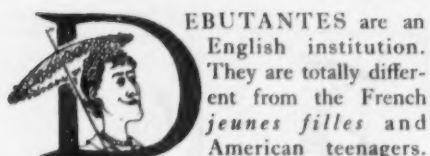
But an all-pervading atavism, avid for the undeveloped,
Overlooks the higher lunacy and cleaves to the primitive instead:
A visitor is eagerly invited to the quaint old kicking of bottles,
When a county cricket match is (rightly) regarded as above his head.

Which is hard on the kickers and rollers, who must have
thought they had erected
A haven of daftness in a world where rationalization is rife,
But find that their very daftness attracts official attention,
That fun is no longer fun, but part of the British Way of Life.

P. M. HUBBARD

The Road to the Aisles

By ANNE YORKE



DEBUTANTES are an English institution. They are totally different from the French *jeunes filles* and American teenagers. The French and American girls are sophisticated and nearly women, but English buds still go through a phase of mature immaturity, shiny foreheads and powdered noses before they are off to Buckingham Palace atrociously dressed with mother. At this time of year one of the illustrated magazines usually displays a typical specimen, innocent eyed, clear skinned but of Betjemesque proportions, wearing an unassuming white dance frock and displaying a sturdy forearm more evocative of lacrosse than a Viennese waltz.

In 1954 what can be the motives that persuade parents to go through the expensive rigmarole of giving their daughters a season? Houses are rented in Pont Street, stores are ransacked for appropriate white tulle, and lists of young men are anxiously conned. Snobbery is still rampant, and though decently disguised the objective of

coming out has invariably been to meet a suitable mate.

In France not nearly such a *brouhaha* surrounds nubile daughters. Presumably the clue is presentation at the Court of the one remaining important kingdom. An official trip to Buckingham Palace and a bob to the Queen gives point to *débutante*-ism, and indeed annually droves of foreign young ladies are presented by their ambassadresses. But outside this bastion lies a bewildering field for socially ambitious parents to roam. Drawing-room society barely exists and café society includes the riff-raff of the world, so it is strange the money and trouble that parents expend on using a daughter as a battering ram against invisible ramparts, material Don Quixotes tilting at windmills.

Indeed tuft-hunting has become a tricky assignment for the modern mother. If she aims at the peerage and the daughter possesses the right measurements she should encourage the child to become a model. This has recently proved most successful; model girls have usurped the rôle of Gaiety girls, and have far more chance of gaining a wedding ring. But marriage

to a peer is not the hayride it used to be, and a stately home may well mean a life sentence of museum guide and housemaid's knee.

If one abjures titles and aims for wealth it is a narrow field. No doubt cantering round the ballrooms there is an occasional financial genius, but how are they to be identified when young? For tycoons are apt not to appear in ballrooms until middle-aged, when they are usually spliced and are reluctant hosts to satisfy the social ambitions of their wives. True, there are usually a handful of sons of self-made men, but though their bank balances are satisfactory they are prone to inferiority complexes and are apt to be alcoholics or in the hands of psychiatrists.

Economics and emancipation, to say nothing of the ever-widening meaning of the term "society," have necessitated some changes in the rules of "coming out." It is now the fashion for vast hordes of strangely assorted mothers and daughters to meet at fork luncheons or teas to discuss the summer campaigning months, how to deploy their forces and share the spoils; girls exchange telephone numbers, mothers swop addresses of eligible men and raiding parties are organized. Second only to Buckingham Palace is Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, held in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, where it is the quaint custom that chains of vestal virgin *débutantes* drag in a vast birthday cake. They are attired in white and stand in innocent groups attendant to some respected dowager who carves it up. Tickets for this beano are not cheap, but are an investment against the future and a pretty gesture to motherhood. But the anxious parent can count on it being, if slightly vulgar, a respectable function.

Other evenings may give more concern, for parents are infrequently invited to dances—they drink more and it is cheaper to limit numbers. It is usual for the group of mothers escorting dinner parties to make half-hearted offers of chaperonage home. One has little faith in these promises, for girls are independent and the middle-aged become quickly tired; etiquette is no longer strict and only a hypocritical



pretence is necessary. The alternative, however, is to lie awake imagining the various hideous fates to which the unprotected girl is liable—the least of which is rape; the worst, intoxicated young men driving fast cars: so one has no pity for the neighbours when shrill voices shattering the silent street reveal that a group of innocent young things are sharing a reliable taxi-cab home.

It is a forlorn hope that daughters will sleep late into the morning; they drink and smoke less and do not suffer from hangovers; they are apt to arrive in one's bedroom with the newspapers and breakfast. Their confidences are flattering, but it is difficult at that hour to disguise a passionate wish to be left alone. They are immediately aware of middle-aged morning inertia and, sensing resistance, choose that moment to request permission for dubious activities or money further to bedizen themselves. A peaceful breakfast seems a fair exchange for a pair of shoes, and given the money the daughter will catch the next bus to Oxford Street and spend a happy morning scurrying from shoe-shop to shoe-shop.

Restless nights and talkative dawns are, however, a minor menace, for in these days of elusive domestics few are found with sufficient fortitude for the summer months. The young are numerous, hungry and unpunctual; numbers for meals vary hourly; and rooms hurriedly vacated for visits to cinemas are left in hideous disarray. There is no alternative but stoicism, and when autumn arrives to be the first to place one's child as amateur saleswoman at a West End store, where she will introduce a touch of chaos, and order will be restored at home.

To-day poverty frequently delays mating, and any mother competing in the social stakes should not count on one "season" leading to orange blossom, St. Margaret's, Westminster, policemen on horses, minor royalty and freedom from want. The sensible parent should regard the "season" as a three-ring circus and be prepared to extend an equal welcome to a love match, a convent or a career.

Catch Somewhere, Probably
 "Alcoholism. Trial and Booklet 5d."
Advertisement in Daily Telegraph



Eric Burgin

"I believe he wants you to take him for a haircut."

Heat Wave in May

LATE in July, this little cat was born. Once at the door, it flinched to see the sky Leap and withdraw itself out of all bounds. The fawning grass, the riots in the corn, However, it took for granted: the breeze Was commonplace. The macrocarpa trees Were always taking off, were always stopped Short at that instant; the little cat thought The disturbance was normal. Apples dropped, And senile pods would cackle when its milk Was lapped by sudden gusts. It used to purr, Stroked by a gale; it went about its way Fatted or sleek by turns in troubled fur. Pounced upon at corners, it could not play With monsters like the winds; but tooth and claw Settled the minions of the storm: the leaf, The jiggling beanstalk and the gadding straw.

But now that May has come, it lies without redress Put down and swarmed upon by emptiness.

A. L. L. OWEN



MUTTERINGS, said the Chairman, had been heard from London statues. There was no need to go into that.

It was the fifteenth annual meeting of S.P.E.P.S. (Society for the Protection and Encouragement of Public Statuary), held last Wednesday at the Ionian Hall.

"Mr. Chairman, I protest!"

Before them (continued the Chairman) they had a great deal of business, including the Churchill memorial, proposals to purchase Dr. Edith Sitwell and Boadicea, a complaint that members who had adopted statues were not looking after them properly; in the circumstances, therefore—

"I protest!"

But this question of muttering—a quite natural phenomenon caused by shrinkage and atmospheric pollution—came up year after year—

"Precisely, and should be given first place."

Would members kindly not interrupt? They could speak when the time came. Never let

it be said that S.P.E.P.S.—soon, they hoped, to be R.S.P.E.P.S.—had stifled or trimmed an opinion. Theirs was the inalienable right, the sacred trust of free-born Englishmen: they were happily agreed on that, he hoped. Now to business. A vote had been taken on the

question of Shakespeare's left hand—he was referring, of course, to the Leicester Square Shakespeare, whose left hand had been missing for several years—

Cries of "Shame!" "Disgorge!" and laughter.

He would read the figures: for restoring the left hand, 278; against, 1.

"I wish to protest, Mr. Chairman, against the unfairness with which—"

Very well: ninety seconds.

"—at the tendentious manner in which this subject has been put to the meeting. It has been represented as a matter of official neglect and public indifference. Those, it has been said, who enjoy the refreshment of the Leicester Square garden never give a look or a thought to its presiding genius. That is a gross libel, Mr. Chairman! People may say little, but they feel much, and a Shakespeare who suffered in that glorious testing-time which lopped many lives is nearer to them than he ever was: the patriot, the man of action, the comrade—"

Thank you. They would record the vote: 1 against, 278 for. That brought them to the next item, the memorial to Sir Winston Churchill, for which members had been asked to send suggestions. So liberal had been the response that he (the Chairman) had spent a week sorting and examining replies. These seemed to fall into half a dozen main groups, according as Sir Winston (long, he hoped, to remain with us) should appear:

(a) in *modern dress*, traditionally the frockcoat, though others nominated the siren suit, as being less severe, with a hint of Sir Winston's many aptitudes—

he might sit on a half-built wall, the trowel laid by and the paint-brush taken up, poised towards an easel:

(b) in a *toga*, but its dignity clings to the Turkish Baths rather than the Front Bench:

(c) in a *symbolic group*—something simple, the recumbent smiling figure attended by Arts of Peace and War, Oratory, Humour, Tobacco:

(d) in the *uniform* of one of the Services, or a composite one embodying all three:

(e) on a *column*, the Duke of York's suggested, but what should we do with the Duke? ("Give him to Yorkshire.") That might be entertained. The objection that at an altitude of 124 feet nobody would be able to see Sir Winston could be met by a viewing platform, situated on Admiralty Arch or replacing that unlovable casemate nearby known as "Winnie's Last Ditch," from which the figure could be comfortably surveyed through telescopes:

(f) directing a *chariot*, a tank, or the Ship of State:

(g) *nude*: same objection as (b).

All details, together with sketches, lay-outs, estimated costs, choice of site, etc., would be made available in a pamphlet to be published shortly.

Now before going on to the proposed acquisition of Dr. Sitwell—

"Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman!"

What was it this time, same old trouble? All right, out with it and get it over. Three minutes . . .

"Thank you, Mr. Chairman. I have to report, on evidence gathered over the past twelve months, dilapidation, misery, seething unrest—a most distressing state



of affairs; from every plinth and pedestal came groans—

"Don't exaggerate! Sit down! Speak up!"

"My evidence, particularly from London, is of definite unrest. Complaints pour in from all quarters. Byron would rather be in Hell than Hyde Park! The Prince Consort in Holborn Circus is worn out with forever raising his hat to strangers on bus-tops, while he also remains confined to the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, in Asylum Road! In the Embankment Gardens, Burns and Sir Arthur Sullivan (to say nothing of various members of the Imperial Camel Corps) have almost come to blows! The nameless lady seated on a lion in Waterloo Place would like to exchange with another lady exposing her bosom and holding up a pair of compasses outside the Treasury! (The wish, I may say, is reciprocal.) And this is only the beginning. A sorry state of affairs, ladies and gentlemen, not merely arising out of the Coronation festivities which so illumined some and boxed others. There is dissension in Parliament Square itself. The Primrose Day incidents should not go unheeded. Members have no doubt heard of these, but let me quote the *Pimlico Sun*

for April 21: 'At the customary offering of primroses Disraeli gave a sniff so emphatic that many dropped their bouquets and ran. It was quite unlike his usual appreciative sniff, said one, while another asserted that the word "Suez" was shouted after the retreating Leaguers.'

But these were newspaper stories, old women's tales, put about by Liberals.

"I was there myself. I distinctly heard 'Suez'; or it might have been—as one lady complained—'Sewage,' which would also explain the sniff."

Would the member be satisfied with a select committee to inquire into Disraeli?

"It's not only Disraeli, sir; the whole condition and lot of our historic personages need investigation. Generals complain of birds, admirals sigh for the sea front, philanthropists in exposed places have to go through the whole winter with umbrellas furled."

The member—and it was a credit to his good nature—was letting his sympathies run away with him. If stone could speak—

"It can, Mr. Chairman, it can!"



Well, well, he would not at this late stage of the proceedings embark on metaphysical speculation. It might be felt that they were trespassing beyond the natural limits of their Society. To return to more mundane matters, the citizens of Stoke Newington had asked for Dr. Sitwell...

G. W. STONIER

Domestic Habits of the Private Eyes

By STELLA GIBBONS

AT a quarter to ten at night, while filling the hot-water bottles with Sleepabye (*Try Sleeping Without It, That's All*), our thoughts turn towards the Private Eyes.

What is the Cheyney hero doing? Drinking bourbon or rye out of, usually, the tooth glass (and this is the first form of nourishment, if we except smoke, to pass down his gullet for ninety-six pages) and rubbing essence into his scalp to get him ready for the next bout with the opposition. He may be said to keep going on whisky, smoke and this essence, and when it is remembered how often he gets shot or beaten up, restoratives do seem his natural diet. But gradually, while following his adventures, we become aware of a wish almost bodily in its intensity to read about the poor boy sitting down to a nourishing meal *and eating it*. Not being interrupted in the first mouthful by the telephone or a dame at his door. Something of the kind provided at Baker Street for the Doctor and Mr. Holmes by Mrs. Hudson.

There is no cosiness in the life of Mr. Raymond Chandler's Phillip Marlowe. Marlowe—and sooner or later someone is going to call him Phil and we shall all have a good cry—has an office smelling permanently of dust. We do not expect lavish refreshments in an office; something on a tray will do; but there is only what he calls the office bottle. This may contain Old Taylor, and he drinks out of it (no glass). While he sits on one of his three hard chairs he

can watch the net curtains puckering in and out like the lips of an old man sleeping and smell the eucalyptus trees. They smell, he says—and presumably he knows, he lives there—like tomcat. Without the hyphen. Very different from home life at Baker Street, where, however luring the foreground may be, the background is unshakably cosy and even the cocaine has picked up some of the prevailing comfort.

When Marlowe is at home to the police or his apartment is invaded by the current threatener, he serves Four Roses. He does have an ice box and some ginger ale, but pretty soon his own drink goes flat and even when he hardens it he wishes he hadn't wasted the fresh whisky on it and throws it away. And the view from his kitchen window is more eucalyptus trees. For lunch he has coffee and a sandwich and by evening he tells us he feels hollow and empty but does not tell us that he then had a pan-broiled steak, because that might make us feel better.

Another kind of Private Eye—usually, though not invariably, an Englishman—does himself rather offensively well. Mr. Reggie Fortune, "attached in a loose sort of way to the Home Office and Scotland Yard," tells his parlourmaid to tell the cook (Elise) that chives in a fish sa'ad is an error and the Carbon-nieux is too cold. The lamb in aspic makes up for this, however, and he tops off with strawberries. This may be overdoing it a bit for most of us, but it's better than weak coffee and dust, and



some people like to taste Steak Eros and Beignets Soufflés by proxy.

The well-living Private Eye tends to get less bruised than the uncomfortable one, probably because he has run to fat and knows that he will not be much good in a fight. James Bond, newest recruit to the tough brigade, likes luxury and will have to watch his figure. M. Hercule Poirot (surely by now the doyen of the Private Eyes?) lives frankly in opulence. His "essentially modern" flat is furnished with comfortable but uncompromisingly designed chairs, gleaming chromium, and sculpture in copper wire, and he commands the services of a secretary, a valet, and a chauffeur who "enjoys a handsome salary." Untroubled by domestic affairs (but the idea is unthinkable, *ma foi!*) he can concentrate upon the problem, and we can relax.

Father Brown, in spite of shabby clothes and an ancient umbrella, could give many of us a lesson in humble enjoyment. "Look here," he says with endearing glee, "what about a bottle of real wine?" He is also fond of travel, turning up unexpectedly so often, and in so many places, that we suspect him of possessing the power of levitation. If he does travel steerage or its contemporary equivalent he keeps the fact to himself, and carries with him everywhere the aura of cosiness that calms the reader. In "the picturesque city of Heilwaldstein" he sits drinking beer in the gardens, and while we are with him we don't want to do anything about him; heaven forbid; he does something about us. But while we are with Marlowe or the Cheyney hero we are always wanting to dust the office, fill them up with food, or take that bottle away from them. They weigh on us, like stray dogs or old aunts.



"According to Petrov or Khoklov or somebody—so Brian was telling me—Botvinnik's almost certain to retain his world chess championship."

The Private Eye's home should contain a medicine chest with the newest remedies for bruises, twisted thumbs and split nails, but most Private Eyes seem to rely on the bottle to pull them round. In America Doc sometimes fixes them up, uttering while he straps their wincing frames some comment in keeping with his scruffy appearance; or they snatch a coupla hours sleep somewhere. Sometimes they only give a coupla quick dazed shakes of the head and are as fresh as a daisy. Or act like they were.

These habits ruinous to good health started with the first of them all, Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin. "Had the routine of our life at this place," says Dupin's Watson, E. A. Poe, in describing the "time-eaten and grotesque mansion" in which they had set up their quarters, "been known to the world, we should have been regarded as madmen." At dawn, he says, they closed all the shutters, lit "a couple of strongly-perfumed tapers which threw out only the ghastliest and feeblest of rays," and "busied our souls with dreams." When actual night fell, they "sallied forth, arm in arm" into the streets (and glad to get there, no doubt, if they had owned up). "The whims of my friend," says Poe, "were manifold," and if they had not been the cocaine would never have appeared on the well-dusted mantelpiece at Baker Street, for Dupin was Holmes's grandfather.

We do not feel maternal towards Mr. Anthony Gilbert's George Crook, who crams fresh toasted teacakes into his mouth and orders beer, while pumping

a barmaid, with an ease of manner that is significant. When a waitress asks him what he would like with his tea he answers "All the bundle." A yea-sayer, undoubtedly. Lord Peter Wimsey while he was still with us knew something about gracious living. Albert Campion took a risk in continuing to employ Magersfontein Lugg after Campion's marriage, but that seems to be working out all right. And the Private Eyes who are married do not arouse our sympathies. Let the women, in the intervals of sucking in their breath sharply and slumping to the floor, have the dry socks ready and blow down the revolvers to disperse that unpleasant odour of stale gunpowder. Let them order the sticking plaster, and keep the house flower-fresh on those sultry evenings when the motionless figure at the street corner watches the window. But please let them, while busy at their task, keep in the background even as Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Hudson did, because (as someone so truly said) "We do not want girls hanging round Chinese Charlie's den." They spoil things.

One of them would spoil Marlowe, perhaps. "Phil! Oh, yoo-hoo, Phil, hon. The toast's up."

"As they raced into the last furlong the disadvantage of the far side became, as usual, all too evident, and, as Gay Bird came storming through to take the lead from New Set close home, Penguin and those challenging him soon appeared to be going backwards."—*Sporting Life*

Message received and understood.

Awkward Show

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

THE department of the Foreign Office charged with the exploitation of British sportsmen for the national good comes poorly out of the Bannister affair. Mr. Eden, it is true, was in Geneva. But it is to be presumed that arrangements for emergency communication existed. It should not have been difficult, in a cable acquainting him with, say, the latest developments in Strasbourg, Trieste or Berlin, to ask whether Bannister was to make the trip and, if so, whether it was to be financed by the Foreign Office, the British

Information Service, an American tobacco company or a whip-round among the Counsellors and Under-Secretaries. Nothing of the kind was done. As far as can be gathered, even Mr. Anthony Nutting and the Marquess of Reading went unconsulted. Instead, at a casual hint from the British Information Service in New York, the Foreign Office lifted up its telephone and dispatched Bannister across the Atlantic. And that, moreover, without troubling to find out if there was any truth in the rumour that American television programmes operate on some strange system of financing by commercial advertising interests.

In this last connection, it seems odd, to say the least, that Mr. John Russell, of the B.I.S. in New York, failed to put the Foreign Office more fully in the picture. Though he may, of course, have attempted to do so without success:

RUSSELL: I suppose you realize that this Bannister will be selling cigarettes over here?

F.O.: Rubbish. The boy's a non-smoker. Told me so.

RUSSELL: On television, I mean.

F.O.: No, no. Says he doesn't even smoke at the pictures.

RUSSELL: What I mean is—do you realize the whole thing will be sponsored?

F.O.: Well, of course. Aren't you sponsoring it? On your budget you should be able to cough up a tourist-class air ticket and three days' board and lodging.

RUSSELL: It's not a question of—

F.O.: Must hang up, old boy, sorry. Trying to fix Gordon Richards with a lecture-tour in Cyprus.

And if Mr. Russell told himself that, after all, his function was not to tell Britain about America but America about Britain he can perhaps not be blamed entirely. No wonder that when the storm had broken over Idlewild, and Mr. Allan Sherman, producer of the tobacco company's programme, demanded to be present during a later telephone call between Mr. Russell and London, he was told sharply, "When I speak to the Foreign Office I prefer to speak in private." It would never have done for a man with the ear and eye of countless millions of Americans to learn, even from a one-ended conversation,

of British ingenuousness in high places. On the whole, the public attitude towards Bannister himself seems to be one of sympathy, or at any rate tolerance. He "didn't want to come really," but he was persuaded that it "would be a good thing for friendship between the two countries." It is not difficult to reconstruct the honeyed inducements offered him over the telephone on that fateful evening:

F.O.: Oh, is that Baluster?

BANN: Bannister here.

F.O.: Good show. This is the F.O. What about going to America?

BANN.: What, running, do you mean?

F.O.: Lord, no. We'd fly you over. Much quicker.

BANN.: What's the idea, then?

F.O.: Oh, I don't know. Something about TV. Our chap in New York seems all for it.

BANN.: Well, it's a bit difficult. I—

F.O.: We'll lay everything on. When you get there ask for Bailey—no, just a minute—Russell, that's the name. He'll fix everything.

BANN.: But, look here, just a minute—

F.O.: Sorry, old man, must hang up now. Trying to fix up Turpin for an Australian music-hall circuit.

As Bannister said afterwards: "The Foreign Office asked me to come and I came. After all, one doesn't as a rule question Foreign Office advice." Perhaps the amateur rather than the professional attitude, but there.

No, Bannister himself comes out of it fairly well. There are those who point out, of course, that he could have averted the whole distasteful business by running more slowly at Oxford last week, but he may not have thought of this at the time. It was a damp evening, with a thunder-storm brewing, and he was anxious, perhaps, to get home to his medical studies before it started to rain. Charges of thoughtlessness and youthful high spirits are the most serious that can be levelled against him.

It is not possible to be equally complimentary about the Foreign Office showing. Only one consoling feature emerges. Fears that Donald Maclean, as head of the American Department, carried off an intimate knowledge of American affairs to Russia, may at last have been satisfactorily dispelled.





"It's all a most embarrassing error."

A Midsummer Term's Dream

By LIONEL HALE

ALL men are haunted, once they put out the light,
By ghoulies and ghosties and self-criticisms that say to
them "Chump!" in the night.

But I will challenge any comer
To match the nightmare that visits me regularly every autumn,
spring and summer.

For while I am dreaming quite happily
Of holidays in Nice, or St. Neots, or Napoli,
Of ferned grot or fringed pool,

Then suddenly "Bong, Bo-o-o-n-g" goes the Founder's Bell,
and I am back for the first day of a new term at school.

* * * * *

There is the class-room, there is the cloister,
And the whole place if anything is colder, and greyer, and
moister.

* * * * *

Now I have not the slightest complaint or wrangle
About this my own bygone quadrangle,
But the trouble is that in that dream

I am not really what I seem—

That is, a fifteen-year-old scholar,

With a boil on his neck, holes in his socks, and a crumpled
collar—

But myself, at the age and with the habits of the boy's
father,

Accustomed to comfort, and self-indulgent, rather,
With strong memories of the superior amenities of clubs,
And cosy little pubs.

One has become increasingly libertarian and Old-Adam-y
Since one left one's Academy;

For down the years one has discovered that, owing to the
resources of civilization, human sorrow is relatively
curable,

And there are various consolations to make the Vale of Tears
endurable,

Such as little games of poker, oysters, mild derivatives of
cocaine,

And *homard à l'américaine*.

* * * * *

But my dream always begins with me unpacking

A tuck-box (stencilled "L.R.H.") from which these palliatives
of life are lacking.



"There's the first lie—the booklet said it would cruise happily at sixty all day."

It disgorges instead
Two loaves of sticky currant bread,
Spotted-dog biscuits, sausages, seed-cake, and a hellish
Sort of meat paste called "Schoolboys' Relish,"
Together with a broken slide-rule and a pair
Of glossy picture postcards of the Misses Phyllis and Zena
Dare.

These were dear comforts once; and I have known them
Highly consoling. But somehow I have outgrown them.

* * * * *

Ah, picture this frustrated sybarite in a schoolboy's body
Retiring to bed, without the lenitive nightly toddy,
After a brisk fight to secure a cup of scalding cocoa
(During which a boy called Delmé-Willoughby offered to dot
him one on the boko)
Expected at 9.30 p.m. to drop immediately off in
A pallet constructed on the model of a Victorian pauper's
coffin!

* * * * *

Also, about this time of night,
It is his right
To be sitting at the dinner-table, the life and soul
Of the party, seeing life steadily and seeing it larger-than-
whole,

Dealing (while the port goes round) with its profundities,
Its merrinesses and mundities,
And saying wise things like *Salus Populi Suprema Lex*,
And having the last word on Sex,
And discoursing on Kafka and Danny Kaye and what
Montmartre

Will be saying to-morrow about Jean-Paul Sartre,
And holding forth as
An authority on publishers filching subsidiary rights from
authors—

You know, important matters. But, instead,
As I cower in my little truckle bed,
The dormitory rings round me with curses as of one very
small tinker

Abusing another with cries of "Silly ass!" and "Stinker!"

* * * * *

And, if things are bad in the dorm.,
They are even worse in form.
For it is evident, in my increasingly embarrassing dream
That Time, so justly compared with an ever-rolling stream,
Has borne away as flotsam all my learning
Beyond returning,
Of Cicero with his Orations, or Aristophanes with his "Frogs"
and "Birds,"

Let alone things like sines, co-tangents, and surds;
And schoolmasters vainly demand of me a list of the Kings
of Judah,

Or the latitude and longitude of Bermuda.
On the Corn Laws I am shamefully imprecise,
And I cannot recall whether *Τίθημι* goes on *Τίθης* or *Τίθεις*.
Delmé-Willoughby behind me is threatening *sotto voce* to
give me a black eye,

Which causes me to boggle about the dates of the Gracchi.
It is positively eerie

How I have forgotten Verrall's "Agamemnon" theory;
And, asked for the result of the Battle of Lake Trasimene, I
can only say



"Palam, clam, cum, ex, and e."

Thus, in my dreaming mind, with Pindaric Odes and Boyle's
Law and the prophets Amos and Hosea and the Binomial
Theorem and French irregular verbs and Lesbia's
sparrow and Europa's bull and the evaluation of π and
Theocritean idylls, all in profligate and irremediable
confusion,

The class-room scene always ends in the same conclusion—
My mind wobbles

And I cannot remember the fee (in obols)

For crossing the river Styx:

The clock strikes twelve, and the head-master six.

* * * * *

Three times yearly, once for each term or season—
Spring, summer, autumn—comes this dream, for some
recondite reason

Doubtless immediately apparent to the overjoyed
Followers of Freud.

But I, waking, simply revert as fast as I can
From harassed boy to happy hedonistic man,
And, released from Latin verses,
Am content to have a sense of my mercies,
And drink my morning tea, and get
Myself a very early cigarette,
And contradict the Sage:

For, comparatively speaking, Heaven lies about us in our
middle age.

2 2

"A Jersey heifer, aged 26 months and owned by Mr. E. LeMaitre, of Korumburra South, gave birth to quadrupeds the week-end before last. Unfortunately all four died, and the cow was left in a very weak condition."—*Korumburra Times*
Shock, naturally.

Unfair to Inspectors

By H. F. ELLIS

MR. BOYD-CARPENTER'S now notorious apology to the President of the Institute of Directors, expressing regret for the Board of Inland Revenue's twenty-four-point questionnaire on business men's expenses, has aroused natural resentment in taxation circles. Talk in the saloon-bar of the little inn near Somerset House, where Inspectors gather of an evening, has been particularly bitter over the Financial Secretary's admission that "unnecessarily detailed" information had lately been demanded from company directors and other habitual criminals . . .

A Senior Inspector: For two pins I'd chuck in my hand and simply put a tick against "To promoting goodwill . . . £58 11s. 4d." every time it crops up.

Assistant Principal Clerk to the Special Commissioners: We must keep a sense of proportion (Cries of "Oh, oh!", "Fifth columnist!" and "Is the man mad?"). Kindly allow me to speak. I am quoting a remark alleged to have been made to the Press by a so-called Inland Revenue Spokesman. It seems to me typical of the kind of namby-pamby popularity-seeking that recently allowed a mere deputy-chairman to get away with a claim for fifty shillings for a car journey from Ipswich—

An Inspector (Lower Grade): I was overruled.

A.P.C.S.C.: —to Cardiff, when he could perfectly well have caught the Sunday morning Excursion to Cambridge, changed into the 11.14 slow to Bletchley and reached—

A Senior Principal Inspector: Excellent! Third class coaches all the way, if I remember rightly, and no restaurant car.

A.P.C.S.C.: —and reached Cardiff before midnight at a total expenditure of two pounds eight shillings and eightpence. Sandwiches prepared at home for consumption on the journey would not of course rate for relief.

Inspector (Higher Grade): Directors! They'll claim for a haircut, if you give them a chance, and swear they had it

done to impress a client. Just take a look at this luncheon bill for three, pinned on to his claim by a wool manufacturer I had on the carpet this morning.

Senior Inspector: Brandies!

Inspector (Higher Grade): Exactly, sir. "Brandy?" I said to the claimant. "Three brandies at four-and-sixpence a time," I said—

Senior Inspector: Tapping the item with the blunt end of your ball-point the while, I trust, Inspector?

Inspector (Higher Grade): I hope I know my duty, sir, thank you. "You'll have to prove to my satisfaction," I told him, "that the consumption of strong stimulants at half-past two of an afternoon actively conducted, rather than otherwise, to the sale of wool" and cetera and cetera.

A.P.C.S.C.: Aha! And how did he react to that?

Inspector (Higher Grade): Walked right into it. "Insolence." "Jumped-up Jack-in-office." The usual claptrap. Would have me know, though it was none of my business, that the deal had been concluded with the fish—

Senior Inspector: Oh, nicely!

Inspector (Higher Grade): So that was that. Of course, I told him that in that case nothing after the entrée could possibly be allowed as "wholly and necessarily incurred." Oh, you've got to be cunning to catch those beggars out.

A.P.C.S.C.: That's it, Inspector. "Unnecessary detail" my foot! Once stop us badgering them about their brandies, and where are we?

Inspector (Lower Grade): They'll be forbidding us to shine bright lights in their eyes next.

Senior Inspector: Under the Act of 1952, Section Three hundred and eighty-six . . .

Various Assorted Inspectors: . . . First-class to the Mull of Kintyre, if you please . . . Stamps are one thing, I always say, but as to embossed invitation cards . . . went and turned himself into a limited company before my very eyes . . . in a proper stew. "Additional emoluments be damned," he said to me . . .

A Very Senior Commissioner: Well, gentlemen, we've had a most enjoyable chat. And now, if you will allow me to settle—

Assistant Inspector (Very Low Grade): No, no, sir. Let me.

Very Senior Commissioner: Very well, my boy, if you insist. But bear in mind that matters relating to the conduct and welfare of the Board have been under discussion here to-night.

Assistant Inspector (Very Low Grade): I'm afraid I don't quite—

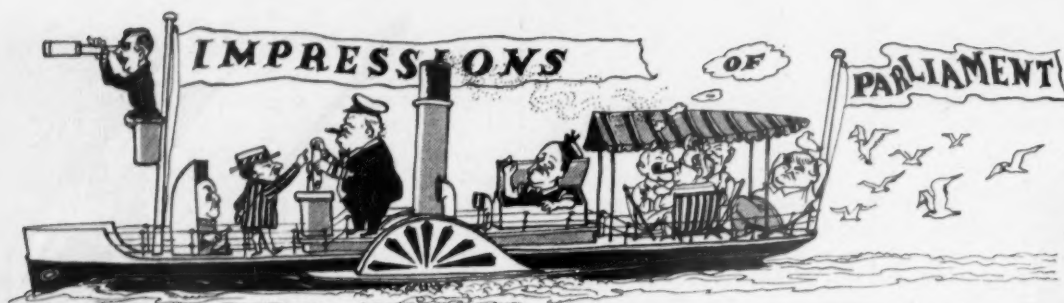
Chorus of Inspectors, Senior Inspectors, Principal Inspectors, Senior Principal Inspectors, etc.: He means keep the bill, you chump.

Royal Progress

THE public shoves and chatters at the barriers, And scatters paper on the ground, and gapes; How different from the restrained demeanour Displayed a few days earlier by the apes.







Monday, May 10

Mr. WARBEY and Mr. BESWICK had questions down for the Foreign Minister, and Mr. A. BEVAN, as Mr. HERBERT

House of Commons:
National Health

MORRISON calls him, one for the Prime Minister, on the elusive consultations about a South-East Asia security pact. They remained as elusive as ever; what Mr. SELWYN LLOYD's answer amounted to was that there had been conversations but no discussions. This so enraged Mr. A. BEVAN that he embarked on a long supplementary of which the non-interrogative nature soon provoked Government supporters to interrupt



with cries of "Speech!" Mr. BEVAN flew to the Speaker for protection, and the Speaker suggested he should be a little more brief; so Mr. BEVAN asked simply "Can we kindly have the truth for a change?" Mr. SELWYN LLOYD compromised on this point by explaining the difference between conversations, talks and discussions.

A more forthright method of declining an answer was adopted by Mr. DUNCAN SANDYS. What, asked Mr. SILVERMAN, would be the cost of making in this country a U.S.-pattern hydrogen bomb? Unless, said Mr. SANDYS, Mr. SILVERMAN could give him particulars of the U.S.-pattern bomb, it was impossible to say. Did this mean, asked Mr. SILVERMAN, that the Ministry of Supply had made no estimates for producing such a bomb? "I hope," said Mr. SANDYS, "nobody will attempt to deduce *anything* from my answer, which was intended to be purely evasive."

There was an interesting debate on the National Health Service, opened in an hour-long speech by Mr. BLENKINSOP. He pressed for more capital allocation for hospitals, carped at the charges for prescriptions and dental charges, and dropped dark hints of inefficient medical practices. Mr. IAIN MACLEOD, however, applied balm to the hurt places and left the House feeling that the Health Service was doing pretty well; though in order to provide a bone for the bone-worriers to worry, he revealed that his department was unsatisfied about the prices of certain proprietary medicines and proposed to cease recommending them.

Tuesday, May 11

The Prime Minister shows himself on occasion to be a great master of the so-called "plonking" technique. Mr. LESLIE HALE, who was perturbed by the sealing-off of parts of the sea for the purpose of exploding a bomb, made a ponderous sesquipedalian joke about "issuing as a

House of Commons:
TV Guillotine

White Paper a new edition of 'Rule Britannia!' indicating in which way H.M. Government ruled the waves." "I think," said Sir WINSTON simply, "that would be thought a very silly thing to do."

Mr. BUTLER's statement on his conversations (or talks? or discussions?) with the West German Government was carefully composed with a deskful of rubber stamps: "these important subjects . . . full agreement . . . in this spirit . . . progress may be made . . . a very useful discussion . . ." And so on.

The Government seems to regard debates on guillotine motions as occasions for light relief. Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN, the last Minister to introduce one, admitted that he regarded the occasion as "playtime out of school"; Sir DAVID MAXWELL FYFE, though he cannot by nature be a Harry Tate, can at any rate be a pawky Will Fyffe, and his performance, based on principles quoted from Opposition leaders when they were in a similar position, was drily entertaining and no less unconvincing than that of anyone else who has the same case to argue. Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, who accused the Government of being "guillotine mad," complained that Sir DAVID had "a thin case," but his own was not much thicker. The only palpable hit he scored was when, after an extempore sally, he accused the Government Chief Whip of having no sense of humour. Mr. BUCHAN-HEPBURN's weary gesture of incomprehension proved his point to the hilt.

After a curious intervention by Lord HINCHINGBROOKE, who wanted more guillotines all round, the discussion lapsed into the usual round of exchanges on the usual lines between the usual people. How enchanting a debate on television would be if a kind of selective guillotine could fall on (for example) Sir LESLIE PLUMMER, Captain ORR, Mr. IAN HARVEY and Mr. CHARLES IAN ORR-EWING. Finally the Government got its way by seventeen votes—rather a bigger majority than television has been producing lately.

This disposed of, the Attorney-General moved the second reading of the Niall Macpherson Indemnity Bill, a self-sacrificing measure designed to immunise the hon. Member for Dumfries against the consequences (which might have included a daily fine of £500 if he had taken part in the proceedings of the House) of having accepted the chairmanship of the London Agency of the Australia Dried Fruits Board. Mr. MACPHERSON had, it appeared, forgotten that the Crown extended as far as Australia, a lapse of memory impossible for most of us in recent months.

Wednesday, May 12

There is something about Scottish affairs that casts a grey mantle of earnest dullness over the proceedings of Parliament. Members whose wit is wont to flash like a rapier about the Chamber become grimly serious as they urge the claims of their northern fastnesses to this or that benefit of progress. When Scottish affairs are being debated in both Houses simultaneously it is all the more unfortunate that an incipient thunderstorm should keep southron correspondents away from, as it were, Lord's.

House of Lords:
Scottish Roads
House of Commons:
Scottish Planning

In the Upper House Lord ELGIN drew attention to the inadequacy of Scottish roads, and a number of Scottish peers followed him with their own particular favourite suggestions. The Earl of HOME solaced them all on behalf of the Government. Meanwhile the Commons were discussing the Town and Country Planning (Scotland) Bill and the Electricity Reorganization (Scotland) Bill. Few but Scottish Members attended the debates, but

Sassenach Members had to remain at call in order to vote on Mr. DOUGLAS JOHNSTON's amendment to the former measure. In the late hours Commander DONALDSON proposed an amendment changing the name of the British Electrical Authority to the Central Electrical Authority, and this was accepted without a division. No English or Welsh Members raised any objection to this interference with their amenities on the part of the Scots.

Thursday, May 13

It was natural that hon. Members should be at their most convincing in the debate in which they hope to ease their stringent lot; but it was surprising to find them also at their most likeable. Mr. ROBERT MELLISH opened from the Labour side in a restrained, unsentimental speech spiced with salty humour; and he was matched by an equally good one from dapper Mr. WILLIAM DEEDES on the Government benches. Mr. FRANK BOWLES brought the arguments in from the persuasively general to the chillingly particular with some account of the activities of the Members' Fund: the thought, which he put into our minds, of elderly Members who can't afford to retire is a ghastly one from any point of view. Mr. BUTLER had perforce to remain unmoved to the pleas which thronged about his ears from all over the House, but it cannot be said that his disposal of them was in any way masterly. "Disappointing, niggling, unsatisfactory, discriminating in effect," noted Mr. RICHARD STOKES; and certainly observations like "Members might resort to trunk calls too freely if they were free" are hardly the hallmarks of statesmanlike thought.

House of Commons:
Members' Pay

Only a few Tory Members were found to plead the cause of continued parsimony. According to the principle that had emerged from the discussion, great fidelity to the party line is an indication of threatening poverty; but from all appearances neither Mr. SPENCER SUMMERS nor Mr. JOHN ARBUTHNOT is actually among those who have less than five pounds a week to keep their wives and children and two homes on when they have fulfilled all their financial obligations in the political sphere.

The Chancellor, though conceding little, made a few gestures of sympathy; but when a committee is appointed with the simple duty of inquiring into something and making suggestions, it is hardly logical to ignore those suggestions and replace them with quite another set. If that is to be the form, one might as well save the expense of appointing committees and devote the money to a better cause.

Friday, May 14

Nothing so entertaining as Mr. MULLEY's Pools Bill was down for discussion this week, and attendance was confined

House of Commons:
Private Members' Bills

to the usual friendly dozen or so. The faithful found little reward in the pedestrian discussions aroused by Mr. GERALD WILLIAMS' resolution calling for improvements in the telephone service, and by Mr. ARCHER BALDWIN's plea for the rehabilitation of derelict but potentially fertile common-land. Only a motion put down by Mr. FENNER BROCKWAY condemning the practice of deporting Colonial subjects from their homelands without trial gave any promise of fun.

B. A. YOUNG





CRITICISM



BOOKING OFFICE

Anything Goes

Life So Far. Wilson Harris. Cape, 21/-

"The Master of Trinity when I was up was Montagu Butler (not to be confused with Sir Montagu, Master of Pembroke forty years later), former Headmaster of Harrow, husband *en secondes nocces* of Miss Agneta Ramsay (sister of the Duchess of Atholl), who had herself been Senior Classic, and father of J. R. M. Butler, the present Regius Professor of Modern History."

READER: What on earth is this?
REVIEWER: It is a quotation from the autobiography of the late editor of *The Spectator*.

READER: He seems a keen Trinity patriot.

REVIEWER: He was at John's. It is that kind of book.

READER: Didn't he write a column signed "Janus" in *The Spectator*? It appears in *Time and Tide* now, very readable and with much more character than most of the contents of *The Spectator*. It can't be the same man?

REVIEWER: It is. Traditionally a columnist has to grab the attention and hold it. This tradition does not apply to autobiographers. They have nothing to fear by not taking trouble, anyway. Autobiographies are usually criticized in the tone of an obituary notice. *De morituris nil nisi bonum*.

READER: Do you remember the reviews of Lord Simon's *Retrospect*? The worst anybody liked to say was that it did not adequately reflect the distinction of the mind that produced it. Does Wilson Harris write like this all the time?

REVIEWER: Of course not. I am tired of being fair to autobiographers. That was the silliest bit I could find. There were a good many runners up, though.

READER: You advise against reading it, then?

REVIEWER: Certainly not. As autobiographies go it is quite a good one. I enjoyed the best bits. The trouble is that people seem quite content to judge autobiographies by the best bits, while they expect poems and novels and histories to be good all the way through.

READER: Is it usual to begin any other form of literature with apologies? I notice that the preface says the book was written partly because, as a journalist, the author must be writing about some-

thing. It begins, "I am not well qualified to write an autobiography."

REVIEWER: I think that the trouble began when prize-fighters or generals, who had exclusive inside information but could not be expected to reach professional standards, got away with it. There is no excuse for a writer who is already a professional. Sometimes, in the course of the jog-trot about dear old X who is no longer with us at the Club



and what I thought of Niagara, there is an odd paragraph, obviously by Janus, with an individual flavour of eager curiosity and amused devotion to odd causes: then the book flickers into life. Most of it reads as if very little trouble had been taken over it. I wonder how carefully it was planned, how much it was rewritten.

READER: What is his raw material like, even if he does not make the best use of it?

REVIEWER: Magnificent. He was brought up in a Quaker home, became President of the Cambridge Union and then joined *The Daily News*. He was a leader writer and diplomatic correspondent. He covered all those conferences in the decade after the first war. In 1932 he became Editor of *The Spectator*. In 1945 he was elected M.P. for Cambridge University. There are some good stories and near glimpses of famous men and events. Yes, the subject matter is there. What is more interesting and more important than the twilight of the liberal mind? The League of Nations is hidden from us by

the debris of its failure and the age is not yet back in fashion. Minorities, Dr. Maxwell Garnett, Briand and bathes in the Lake of Geneva with conscientiously supranational members of the Secretariat will soon have a period charm. The League still seems a good idea, perhaps the last good idea that Western man had; but it failed more terribly than bad ideas do. Mr. Wilson Harris could show us, if not tell us, why.

READER: I suppose he will provide historians with evidence and the casual reader with a fresh picture of the recent past. Even the weaknesses of the book, though I am still not clear about what they are, may throw some light on the weaknesses of the intellectual position from which it is written.

REVIEWER: It is not really written from any position, except a mild wish to give an evenly spaced account of the various things the author did. The League of Nations Union, and its supporters, showed an odd dilution of nonconformist tradition, mixed with a passion for amateur jurisprudence. *The Spectator* tried to steer a middle course and ended rather dull and colourless. We are never told enough about either organization to see what made them stop ticking. Shop would have been a godsend, from all points of view; but there is not much shop.

READER: While you have been damning with faint damns, I have been dipping. Surely the parliamentary fragments or the stuff about *The Daily News* and the Liberal split are readable and entertaining? After all, granted that the target is on the low side, he has at least hit it.

REVIEWER: Diaries, notebooks, letters can be dipped into. An account of a life should be too closely woven to be approached piecemeal. However, I do not want to spoil your pleasure or understate my own. And let us not part without a word of praise for the proof-readers: all those proper names and not one mistake.

R. G. G. PRICE

Critic's Spain

The Spanish Temper. V. S. Pritchett. Chatto and Windus, 15/-

Mr. V. S. Pritchett has written an excellent book on Spain (a land which has long fascinated him) which should

be read by everyone who proposes to visit that paradoxical country. He has crouched in caves watching gipsy dancing, and in more urban surroundings cross-questioned high and low in an effort to catch them off their guard. Though his sympathies naturally lie in other directions, he is eminently fair to the dictatorship of the Caudillo. The civil war made revolutionary changes, and even since the early 'thirties Spain has dispensed with many of her former outward peculiarities—an eatable three-course meal, for example, now tending to take the place of six or seven or more uneatable courses.

Mr. Pritchett examines the Don Juan legend in relation to Spanish life. The Don's worst enemies, he truly points out, have been the psychologists. Something is said of bull-fighting. *The Spanish Temper* should not be missed by anyone interested in the Iberian point of view, and what to expect from it. A. P.

Freedom of the Parish. Geoffrey Grigson. Phoenix House, 21/-

Pelynt parish church is "chiefly Perp, of little historical interest," but there is at least "an easy run of 4 m." from Pelynt back to Looe. So the guide-books briefly inform us; but in their mistaken haste they have missed many things which delight the observant native. For a parish, as Mr. Grigson knows, is a country in miniature, and in the tiny realm of Pelynt you "might encounter anything from rabbit and fox to a brace of goblins." The hedgerows are heavy with flowers, the neighbouring earth conceals crystals of calcite "like white doves with their wings open," and the traveller crossing a ploughed field may discover, like the author, a glinting livery button with a crest which recalls a chapter of local history: the shades of the Achyms and Bullers, and the ghost of Mad Sir Harry "striding through the tangled oak woods below Trelawne at night, cracking a whip and ordering piskeys and all evil spirits to depart." Mr. Grigson's style is sometimes involved, and occasionally he is over-antiquarian; but he has given us a fresh local record, and conveys not merely facts but his own affection for his little kingdom. J. R.

From an Antique Land. Julian Huxley. Max Parrish, 25/-

This book is the record of a lightning tour through lands familiar to many of us, but it is far from superficial. Dr. Huxley has a discerning eye, a retentive memory, the widest range of interests and a background of profound knowledge, and whether his subject be a sun-baked ruin, a modern educational problem or a migrant bird he writes about it delightfully because he is himself delighted; but that is not all, nor indeed the main thing.

We have here the impressions which those countries made not so much on



"Now then—gas, cocaine or hypnosis?"

the eye as on the mind of an evolutionary scientist; things of the past or of to-day, man's virtues or vices, triumphs or failures, the beauty of a Persian mosque or the gloomy desiccation of a once tree-clad mountain range, he appreciates them for themselves but views them too *sub specie humanitatis*, in their relation to the continuous and intelligible process of human kind. The result is a book of very easy charm that gives one a great deal of food for thought. And the illustrations, sixty-six of them, of which twenty-seven are in colour, are magnificent. L. W.

They Came with the Conqueror. L. G. Pine. Evans, 21/-

The Editor of Burke's *Peerage* and *Landed Gentry* has produced here a book on Norman ancestry containing a great deal of interesting information, though at the same time aimed at the

general reader. William the Conqueror probably brought an army of ten or twelve thousand men with him—say, a modern division, somewhat under establishment. Only about twenty-six of his "companions" are known to strict history. Normans, of course, flowed into the country during the next two centuries, but Mr. Pine is chiefly concerned with 1066.

Some may find his style a shade jaunty. He has a strong anti-Norman bias and is sometimes inclined to lay down the law about who was "right," in history, and who "wrong." This should not prejudice the reader against the general soundness of the book's purely genealogical side. The surprising thing is not how many "Norman" pedigrees proved to be bogus under serious investigation, so much as the exact documentation of the admittedly small number that stand up successfully to examination. A. P.

The Torrington Diaries. Edited by C. Bruyn Andrews and abridged by Fanny Andrews. Introduction by Arthur Bryant. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 30s.

By omitting the Welsh tours and excising repetitive detail without leaving serious gaps, Miss Andrews has been able to produce a one-volume edition of Byng's Tours in England and has made this late eighteenth century classic comfortable for the unspecialized reader.

These lively, grumpy, self-derisive, witty and eager-minded descriptions of riding about England describe and discuss everything, from details of inn management and slovenliness to the depopulation and impoverishment of the countryside caused by the growth of the manufacturing towns and the attraction of London society for the leaders of rural life. Byng was very concerned for the preservation of the English country house. He complains that so many were derelict, when they should have been restored and either lived in or let for schools. The clean, springy style keeps the detail alive and the complaints humorous.

Among innumerable other delights are descriptions of pouring half-pints of brandy into inn beds to remove their mustiness, and glimpses of the pretty ways of his little son, later the celebrated "Poodle" Byng.

R. G. G. P.

AT THE PLAY

The Bombshell (WESTMINSTER)

STAGE scientists used to rank only one grade higher than Frenchmen and Irishmen; on about the same level as poets and curates, and a trifle lower than butlers and successful solicitors. In those happy days they could safely be regarded as a race of innocuous lunatics, welcome for comedy. But now that science offers to blow us all up the angle has changed sharply, and authors sitting down to wrestle with a moral dilemma think no longer of the passionate triangle but of young dew-eyed physicists torn between a bulging love of humanity and a dazzling new formula which will stand the world neatly on its beam ends. In the last few months Charles Morgan has had a go at it, and E. P. Snow (in a novel), and now VAL GIELGUD.

Mr. GIELGUD's proposition, in *The Bombshell*, is never very credible, and from the beginning its arguments are watered down by a lot of domestic discussion about whether the little woman is bored by a provincial town and who will scramble the eggs. A good but unambitious scientist is offered a plum job on the military side of nuclear fission, and turns it down. We can sympathize with his scruples, but we

cannot understand why he is persuaded by his wife to ask the advice of a brother-in-law he particularly dislikes, who is a left-wing editor living in a suspiciously smart flat. Nor are we very happy about the visit of a Cabinet emissary threatening that unless the scientist comes to heel he will be put out of work, because, whatever we may feel towards Whitehall, we know this sort of thing doesn't happen here. And when the scientist in fact loses his university job, on the flimsiest pretext, and we discover the Government to be innocent, we wonder where Mr. GIELGUD is taking us. The answer is, into a piece of melodrama for which the first two acts have been merely a blind. If the melodrama had been more exciting, or the earlier arguments more gripping, we might have felt less strongly that we had been taken unfairly for a ride. Too much is said, too little happens, at least on the stage.

Nothing in the acting, production or décor is good enough to make us forget the play's flatness. For a short time in the second act JACK ALLEN, as the Cabinet blackmailer, brings it vividly to life, but otherwise even LEO GENN, RACHEL GURNEY and RAYMOND HUNTLEY can only push it competently along.

Recommended

The Dark is Light Enough (Aldwych), Fry's new play, with Edith Evans at her best. *The Prisoner* (Globe), ending June 5, a grimly clinical account of a police-state trial. And *The Manor of Northstead* (Duchess), successful sequel to *The Chiltern Hundreds*.

ERIC KEOWN



John Brunton—MR. LEO GENN

James Rice—MR. RAYMOND HUNTLEY

[*The Bombshell*]

AT THE PICTURES

Henriette—Hell and High Water

"THE story that is produced as you watch!" says the publicity of *Henriette* (Director: JULIEN DUVIVIER). The assumption is that you will find this circumstance in itself attractive—which is, I think, doubtful: I would say that the average attitude to the fact of being taken behind the scenes while a story is proceeding ranges from indifference to active disapproval. People who want to "lose themselves" in a film and identify themselves with the central characters will be upset and made uneasy by the imposed detachment, the refusal to allow them any such escape; while people capable of detached pleasure will enjoy the piece as they would any other—just as much or as little as the merits of writing, direction, acting and photography allow.

Henriette is enjoyable because all these matters are excellently taken care of. The framework of the story is the collaboration of two script-writers working out a film; their tastes in narrative and their styles are very different, and as the story begins to emerge scene by scene we are shown the scenes, which come in as what might be called flashforwards.



Rita Solar—HILDEGARDE NEFF

[Henriette]

It is part of the fun to observe how the things that one man's mind runs to (squalor, violence, above all *chases*) keep cropping up in the action of the scenes he has suggested, only to be adapted, softened, resolved into some kind of innocent young-love situation by the other.

The scenes between the two writers (HENRI CRÉMIEUX and LOUIS SEIGNER) are consistently amusing, both because of their temperamental disagreement and in the detail of what they say (there is an entertaining moment when one, searching for a plot in the day's newspaper according to the time-honoured advice, finds and rejects as obviously useless two items we recognize as the germs of *Bicycle Thieves* and *Don Camillo*), and the incidents of their imagined story succeed in developing character, charm and quite a bit of tension. DANY ROBIN appears as the girl whose adventures in Paris on July 14 involve her with two young men, one a mysterious personage the first writer sees as a fugitive criminal (MICHEL AUCLAIR), the other her betrothed (MICHEL ROUX), with whom—though he is distracted for a time by a beautiful circus performer (HILDEGARDE NEFF)—the second writer contrives that she shall end the day happily. It is all, if you insist, nonsense, but it is very pleasurable.

Hell and High Water (Director: SAMUEL FULLER) I take to be the first "loyalty-piece" in CinemaScope. It is one of the things Hollywood anxiously makes to show that it is as anti-Communist as anybody could get, and I think this is the first time one has been given the full, expensive treatment. There was an atomic explosion in the summer of

1953 in the Arctic, says a commentator solemnly at the beginning, having the effrontery to suggest that the whole thing is founded on fact: "This is the story of that explosion."

The film declares flatly that the atomic bomb concerned, though prematurely set off by a heroic scientist where it could do least harm, had been intended by "the Reds" to be dropped by an imitation U.S. bomber over Korea. RICHARD WIDMARK is the skipper of the submarine that took this scientist (and his assistant, of course a beautiful girl) to the Arctic island where "the Reds" were preparing the dastardly coup. On the way, a submarine battle and other adventures; finally, the great explosion with full benefit of CinemaScope and Technicolor, while the skipper and the girl embrace in the foreground. Apart from the basic propagandist idea, the thing is the purest hokum, apparently cooked up to contrive the excitement and many of the circumstances of a war story in a period of nominal peace, so as not to scare away audiences "tired of war stories." It has some good suspense, and much visual interest, but it's the less acceptable kind of nonsense.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London, the most important picture remains the classically brilliant *Le Salaire de la Peur* (24/2/54), and the best serious ones among the others are also French: *Les Compagnes de la Nuit* (21/4/54) and the technically impressive though far from endearing *Les Orgueilleux* (5/5/54). For lighter moments: the new Danny Kaye, *Knock on Wood* (5/5/54) and the unintentionally comic *Prince Valiant* (12/5/54).

Top release: *Act of Love* (28/4/54), a sad story of an American in war-time Paris, well done. *Arena* (3/2/54) takes you to (and behind the scenes of) a rodeo. RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE GALLERY

MANET AND HIS CIRCLE

Paintings from the Louvre

TATE GALLERY (Arts Council Exhibition, closes June 7)

THE numerous admirers of Manet in this country will undoubtedly wish to visit the Tate, to enjoy the unexpected pleasure of seeing some eight of his canvases belonging to the Louvre—not unfortunately including the *Olympia* or the *Déjeuner sur l'herbe*—and latterly hung, not altogether to their advantage, in the rather constricted gallery of the Jeu de Paume in the Tuileries Gardens. In addition there are in the exhibition our National Gallery, Tate, and Home House Trust—formerly Courtauld—Manets, and certain works of Degas, Monet, Renoir and others from the Louvre, chosen from that period of each, when the painter was near to the mood of Manet. How astonishingly near at one time was Claude Monet may be seen in the portrait of Mme. Gaudibert, No. 58. It is a show of rare interest and distinction. Unfortunately the pictures are not enhanced by the hard white walls on which they are hung, which make it necessary to isolate each one inspected from its surroundings, to avoid glare.

Unlike many beginners, "who desire to express their personalities" before even mastering the rudimentary grammar of their art, Manet was from the first an inveterate student of the past—particularly in his case of the great Spaniards, Velasquez and Murillo, and of the Dutch Franz Hals. Having, with their aid, discovered his own powers of execution and improvisation, he set to work with great zest to apply them to a wide range of subjects, the emphasis being always on the pictorial rather than the illustrative aspect of the problem in hand; objects and personages being added or arranged in his pictures largely in the interest of shape or colour. This detached attitude earned Manet every kind of foolish abuse and execration. It continued all his life and even spread to his models, the charming grave Suzon in his last great work "A Bar at the Folies-Bergère," No. 16, being denounced as a brazen harpy disgracing the honourable trade of barmaid.

Manet died prematurely aged fifty in 1882, but of the circle of which he was slightly the senior, Degas, Monet, and Renoir lived to achieve celebrity, a fate which, it was said, would have been more acceptable to him than to any of them. Degas, referring to this very human weakness in Manet, to which he conceded nothing, described him as a slave chained to the oar of his talent.

ADRIAN DAINTRY



ON THE AIR

Off the Record

"SPORTSVIEW," television's new magazine programme, is a winner every time. With an audience of Britons what else could it be! A few minutes with the household gods of cricket, football and athletics are worth more, for most viewers, than all the week's importations from America and all the stars of the parlour games. "Sportsview" would be successful even if it were thrown together, if it were as pedestrian as "London Town" or as crude as "Quite Contrary" or the humour of "Workers' Playtime" or "Garrison Theatre"; and it suffers from none of these handicaps. It is crisp, breezy and entirely wholesome; Peter Dimmock makes a good job of the introduction and continuity, and the film unit is right on its toes. But the most important single factor in the programme's success is its pervading air of complete confidence. The performers are stars in their own right and of another medium, and they behave before the cameras just as the viewer expects them to behave, like people accustomed to ordeals, crowds and criticism, and nothing at all like the homegrown celebrities of the B.B.C. with their stylized patter and Corporation manners.

The latest edition of "Sportsview" was memorable for the interview with Roger Bannister, the record-breaking miler. He appeared on the screen only an hour or so after his great run at Oxford and spoke pleasantly, earnestly and with remarkable modesty. And in the following evening's edition of "Newsreel" we were treated to a first-rate film of the race—from start to finish. On Friday, May 7, the newspapers spread themselves



All Masters—Different Metres

Mr. Leopold Stokowski Mr. Humphrey Lyttelton
Mr. Roger Bannister

in pre-war fashion to cope with the four-minute mile, but television scooped the lot with its newsreel. Those four minutes were worth a year's licence fee to any sports fan.

Another television triumph was the appearance of Leopold Stokowski in the series "The Conductor Speaks." The wonderful fidelity of sound on television makes good music intensely enjoyable, and it is an acute disappointment to music-lovers that the B.B.C. gives us so little of it. No doubt such programmes as this, with a celebrated conductor and full orchestra, are expensive to mount, but sound radio offers symphony concerts three or four times a week and television might well cavedrop and look-in at more of them. And if this is administratively or technically impossible, then viewers would still be grateful for music of more modest proportions: a cut-price quartet would be infinitely preferable to the screaming violins of the "film music" brigade or the nauseating close harmony of gigantic girls' choirs.

Stokowski (conducting without a baton)

was wonderful: in his own arrangement of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor, which he made universally popular in the Walt Disney film *Fantasia*, the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra seemed faultless and inspired, and I have never heard Purcell played with such mastery and splendour.

When it was announced that Bax's "Tintagel" would be played to an accompaniment of film I feared the worst and berated Philip Bate, the producer, for withholding the magic of Stokowski's hands. But the film blended marvelously with the music; the old roots of the castle, the great rocks and the wild sea enriched the lovely swirl of sound

in a most moving composition. Music and film would make an ideal "Interlude."

Music of quite another kind was heard when Humphrey Lyttelton and his "All-Stars" gave a jazz recital from the ballroom of Streatham Ice Rink. This was strictly for fans. My tastes in music are catholic: I like Bach, I like Ellington ("the Duke," of course) and I can enjoy the controlled sonic doodling of jazzmen of the Humphrey Lyttelton school. On this occasion, however, the din was a little too much for me. I am not sure who was to blame: the musicians blew energetically, but without producing any of those fortuitous melodic patterns which are the delight of enthusiasts. It may be that the acoustics of the ballroom let the jazzmen down.

I shudder to think what newcomers to jazz would make of this programme—gum-chewing adolescents, jiving barefooted dancers and half a dozen sweat-soaked instrumental virtuosi. There would be few converts. Everybody tried—and blew—just a little too hard.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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'THE THINKER' by Rodin



Thoughts are free from toll

WILLIAM CAMDEN (1551-1623)

To think is not expensive. It needs no apparatus, no personnel, no premises. The only equipment is in one's head: the gears and pinions of the brain, and the lever that sets them turning.

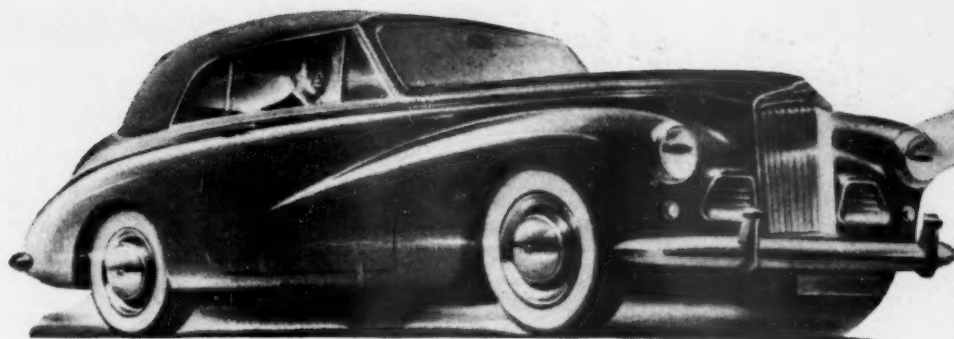
Everyone can be a **thinker**. Not a great **thinker**, perhaps; but the creator, now and then, of a thought that has great consequences. And that is the measure of a thought's greatness: the ripples that it spreads.

At the back of every new industry is such a thought. Can 'it' be made some other way instead? Marketed or assembled more simply? Processed or refined by that method or in this place, instead of as before? A progressive industry is the translation of these thoughts into machinery, buildings and organisation.

But the climate in which such thoughts can first arise, and can be expressed in action, is one of free enquiry and research. Without this, invention gives way to maintenance. A trained man can be a technician; it takes a free man to be a thinker.



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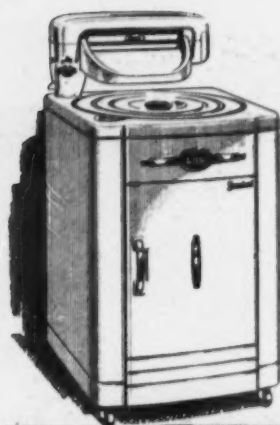
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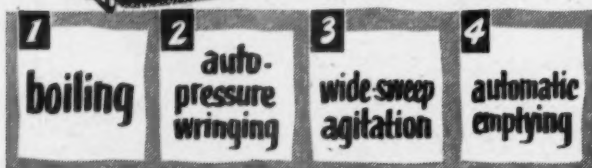
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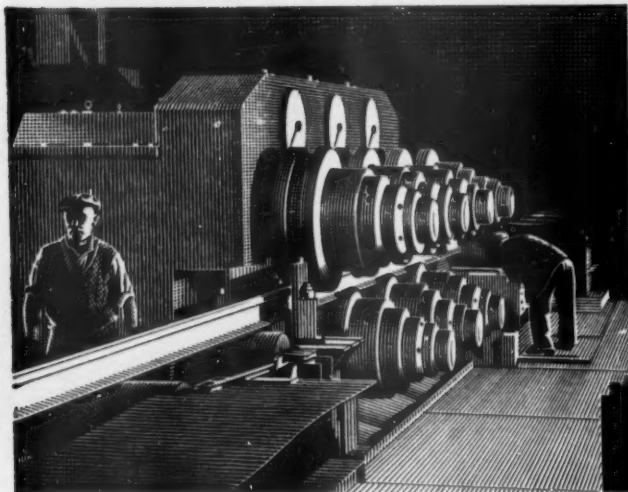
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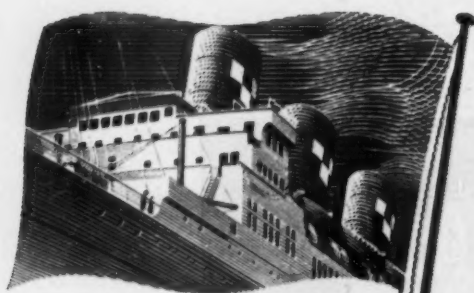
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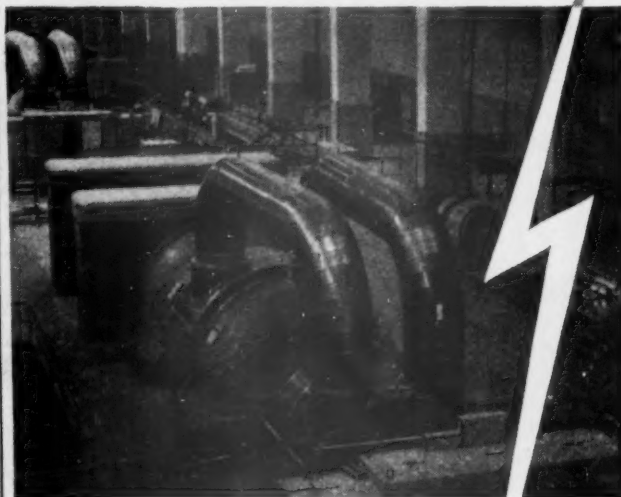
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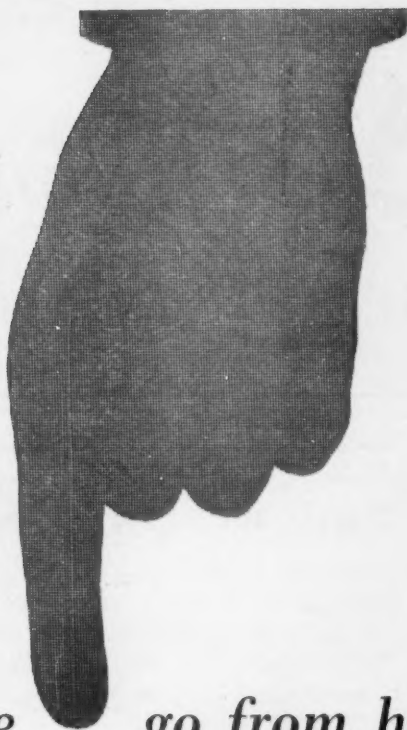
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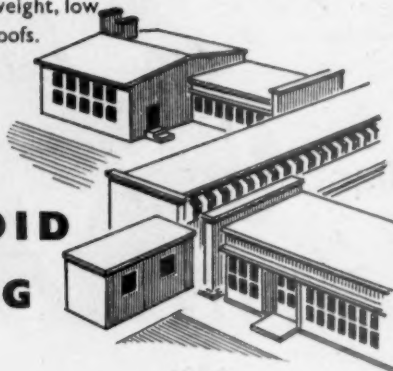
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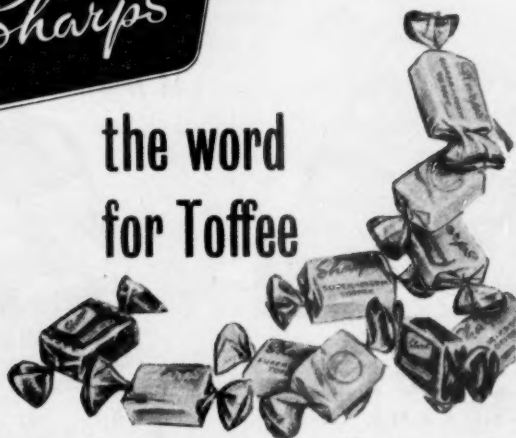
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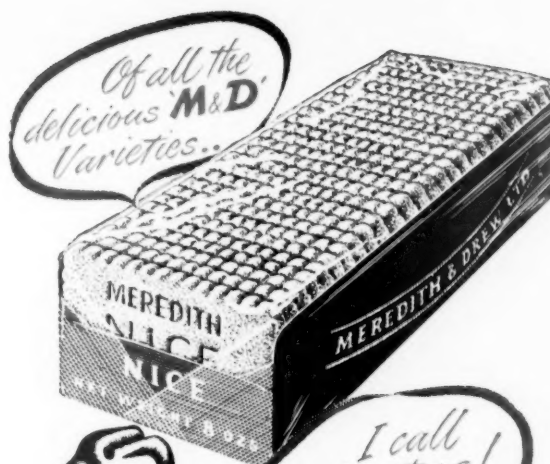
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